* Aug. 29, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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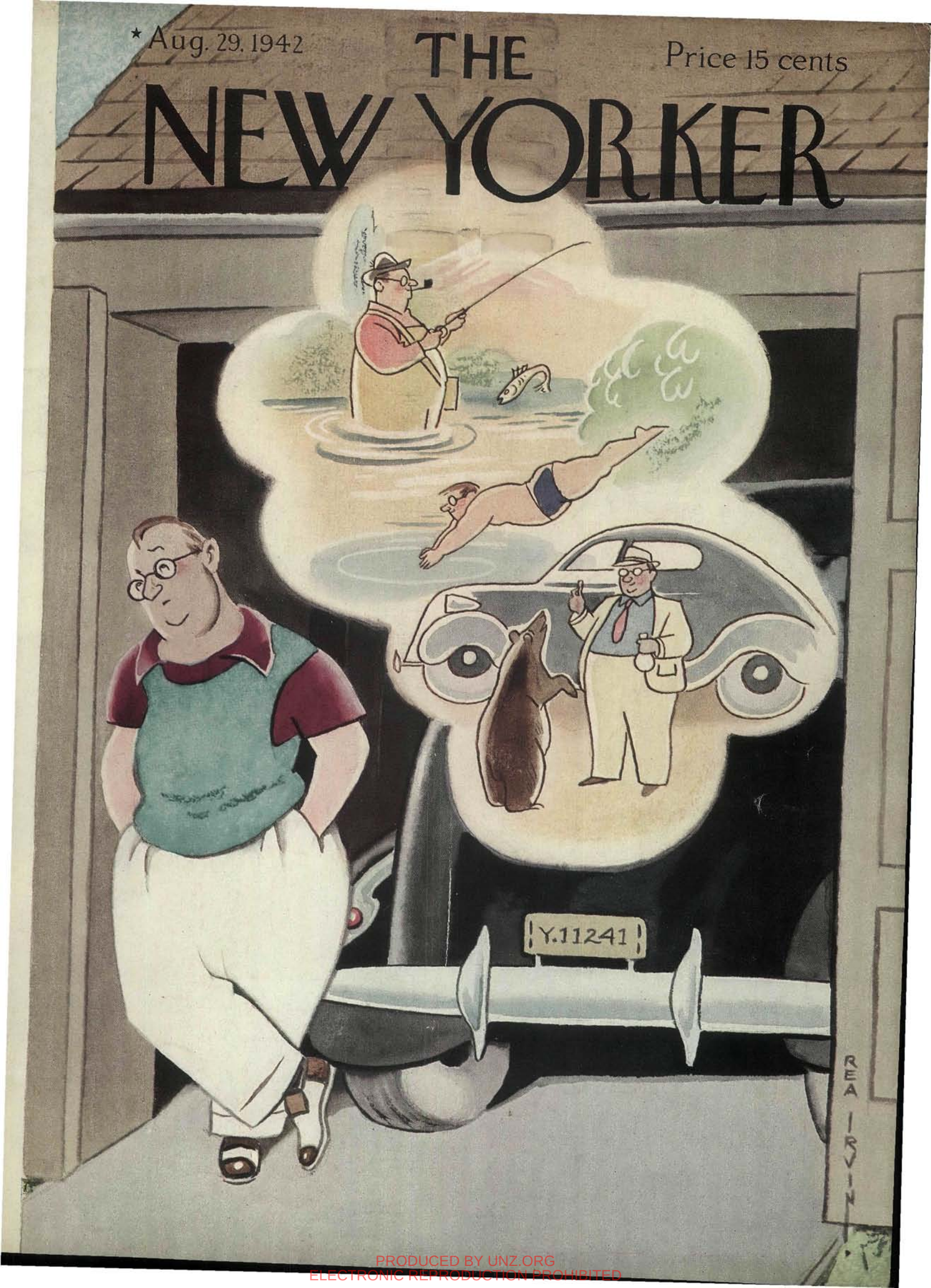

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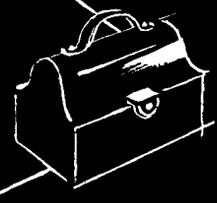

Portland's war workers aren't always in "tin hats" and work clothes. That one meal out of a lunch pail is a good one . . . but, man, you should see the spread on the table at home.

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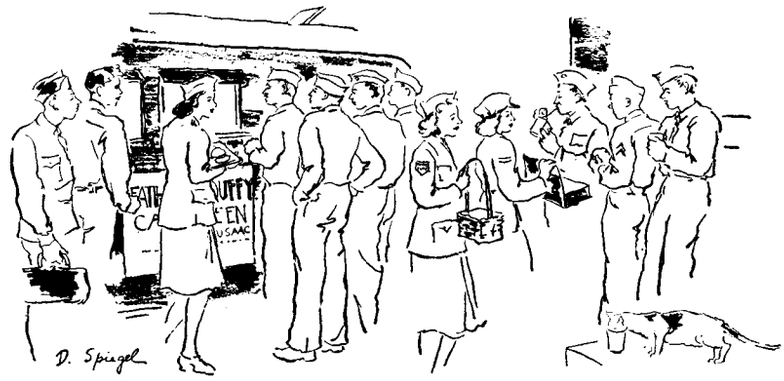
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Vincent Price, Judith Evelyn, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Laura Hope Crews, Effie Shannon, and Erich von Stroheim account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for last season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter, Beverly Bayne, and Robert Shayne. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

JUNIOR MISS—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are almost irresistible as two demon little girls. Among the adults are Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney, who play Father and Mother, will leave on a month's vacation after the performance of Sat., Aug. 29. Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish will fill in for them. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

UNCLE HARRY—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

BY JUPITER—A musical version of "The Warrior's Husband." Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on one of the pleasantest events of the season. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LET'S FACE IT!—A musical version of "Cradle Snatchers" which is occasionally coy but generally very satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PORGY AND BESS—Cheryl Crawford's superior revival of the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. Most of the original cast are in it, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PRIORITIES OF 1942—If you liked the old Palace, you should admire this vaudeville show. On the current bill are Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Walter O'Keefe, and Paul Draper. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30. Closes Sun., Sept. 6.)

SONS O' FUN—This Olsen and Johnson brain storm, which also includes Frank Libuse and Joe Besser, is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

STAR AND GARTER—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

THIS IS THE ARMY—A magnificent successor to "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," with music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Ezra Stone directed the all-service cast, which includes several young actors you've seen from time to time. An Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

I KILLED THE COUNT—A mystery play by Alec Coppel, with Doris Dalton and Clarence Derwent. Produced by the Shuberts. Opens Mon., Aug. 31. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—An ice show, with a cast which includes a number of the performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

THE NEW MOON—Ruby Mercer, Wilbur Evans, and Teddy Hart in a revival of the Romberg-Hammerstein operetta. Produced by Joseph S. Tushinsky. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Ruddigore," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Aug. 27, 29, and 30; "Patience," Thurs., Sat., and Sun. Eves., Sept. 3, 5, and 6; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the Fountain Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable place to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO BEACH, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry's summer resort, with Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Stanley Melba's orchestra provides music for dancing in the Café Pierre from teatime on.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The show in Radio City's aerial nook includes puppets, an acrobatic dancer, and such. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr and his orchestra play for dancing on the Viennese Roof.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Renée De Marco is currently dancing in the Café Lounge. Roy Ross's orchestra is on hand, and also plays for tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Fausto Curbelo's rumba band will be replaced by that of the Terry Sisters' on Sat., Aug. 29. Charles Baum's orchestra will stay on. Ted Steele's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—This big East Side place offers music by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band, and there's also a show.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is the principal attraction on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr's

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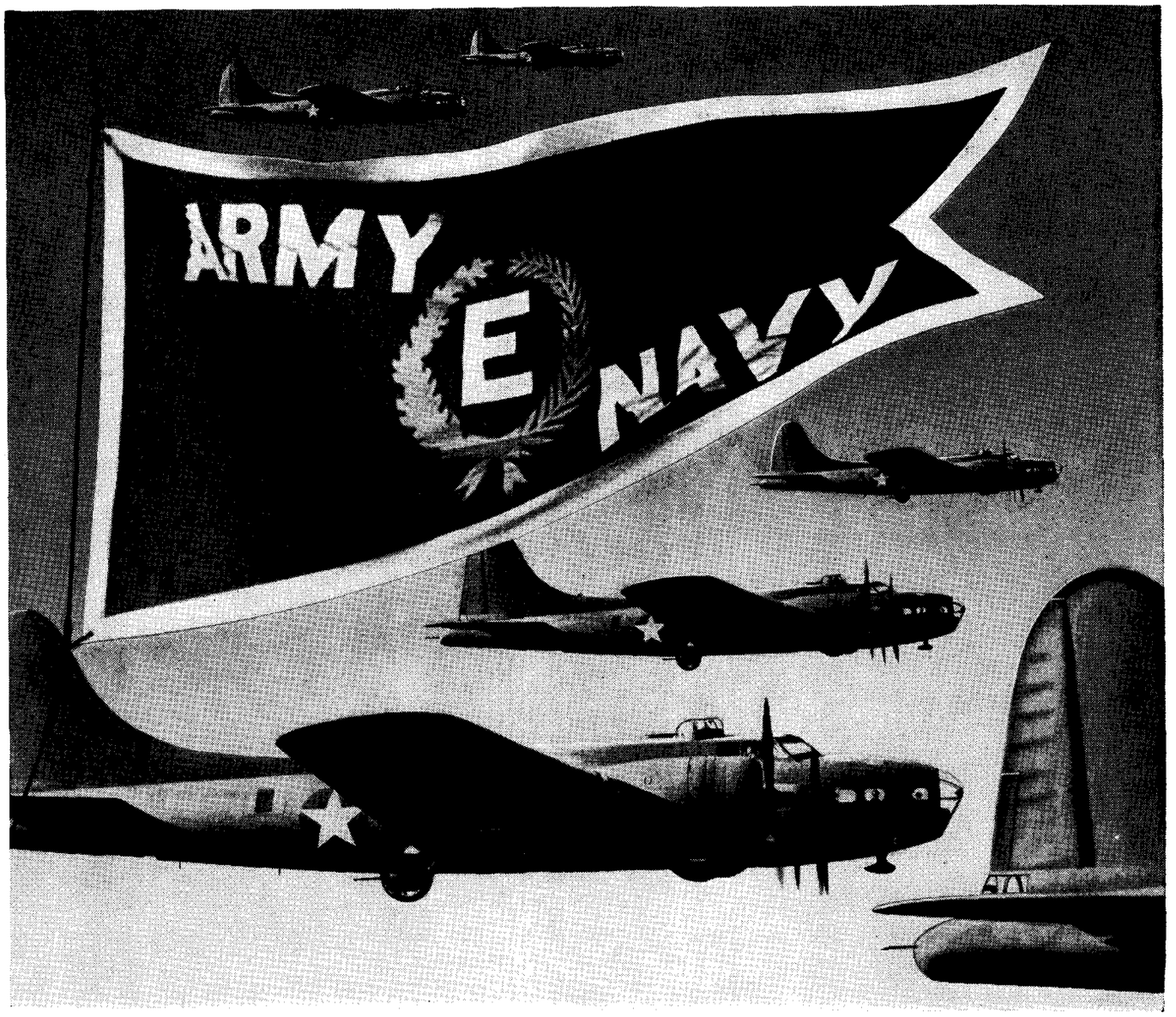

The flag flies for the Fortress

First Joint Army-Navy Award for Aircraft Production Goes to Boeing

"For high achievement in the production of war equipment". . . so reads the citation bestowing the joint Army and Navy Award upon the Boeing Aircraft Company, and each of its employees.

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To the Army and the Navy, to the crews of the Flying Fortresses wherever they fight, the men who designed this airplane and the men and women who build it send this message:

"The flag is up! We will keep it flying. We are building you the best airplanes we know how to build, and we are building them as fast as possible. Keep 'em flying!"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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orchestra and a new show are there too, at the supper hour.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's a show, in addition to the Lamotte murals to look at.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns offers a pleasant piano accompaniment to the gin-rummy players' thoughts.... **TONY'S**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): here, too, guests may play gin rummy any time they want to, and Cy Walter plays the piano.... **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of Central Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887); an attractive spot for a casual good time, with Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with George Morris's orchestra.... **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with Hazel Scott, Joe Sullivan's trio, and Eddie South's band.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Harry James' orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Richard Himber's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra (to be replaced by Carl Hoff's on Fri., Sept. 4) and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra plays for dinner dancing.... **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Sande Williams' orchestra.... **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the dimmed-out waterfront makes you forget the trip; Nye Mayhew's orchestra.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (*CH 2-9355*): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with folk songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others.... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after Gay Paree when it was gay, with cancans and all that.... **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.... **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers isn't any too squeamish about his quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much; Joe Frisco is around, too.... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy head the new Billy Rose show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (*CH 2-2737*): the Revuers are down there, with their songs and foolishness, and so are Ammons and Johnson. Teddy Wilson's orchestra will be replaced by Lee and Lester Young's on Tues., Sept. 1.... **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (*WA 9-9742*): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are playing in this Village landmark.... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about this one, but there's Walter Fuller's band, in from the West.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton, with his drums and his trio.

Al-Fresco—At the **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing.... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900): lunch and tea are served in the garden.

Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

Note—Some of the clubs at Saratoga Springs that will wind up the season there on Sat., Aug. 29, are the Piping Rock Club, with Joe E. Lewis heading the show; Arrowhead Inn, with Joan Merrill and Dick Gasparre's orchestra; and Riley's Lake House, with a show headed by Gracie Fields.

ART

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Comprehensive exhibit of masks, carvings, textiles, etc., from various South Pacific islands. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

European—Oils by Cranach, Fragonard, Derain, Vlaminck, and others, from the sixteenth century to the present: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 25.

French—Oils by Courbet, Monet, Manet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—A semi-permanent exhibition of recent acquisitions, including works by Monet and Blake, together with a part of the permanent collection of drawings and prints not shown before. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Groups—At the **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: oils, gouaches, and drawings by Bemelmans, Owens, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Schnakenberg, Guy Pène du Bois, Bouché, Cowles, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 28.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: paintings by Menkes and Jacobi, among others, and a few sculptures, including some by De Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 4.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Hartley, De Martini, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 28.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: paintings, sculptures, and water colors by Peirce, Bishop, Cadmus, Harkavy, and other members of the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 4.... **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Eakins, Sargent, Kroll, and other early and contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.... **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors, mostly by younger members of this gallery's group. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Aug. 28.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings by contemporary American, French, and Mexican artists. Weekdays, except Fri., Sat., and Mon., Aug. 28, 29, and 31, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 19.

Klee—A set of water colors, most of them never shown here before: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 29.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Special exhibits: drawings, mostly in color, done by the Index of American Design, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection (through Sept. 15); posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30); and water colors of American scenes by Paul Petrovich Svinin, an early-nineteenth-century Russian artist (through Nov. 15). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.... The Museum has opened the residence of its former president, the late George Blumenthal, at 50 E. 70, as a temporary branch, with the building's Spanish patio and part of the Museum's collection of arms and armor on view. Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Afts., from 1 to 5; through Oct. 17.

Museum of Living Art, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and at least twenty other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through Sept. 11.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Recent acquisitions, in several media, by Léger, Picasso, Ernst, and several more of the modern Europeans; also, a loan show of works by van Gogh, Matisse, and Gauguin, among others. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A fifth-anniversary showing of works by Balcomb Greene, I. Rice Pereira, Alexander Calder, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

Here and There—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Sept. 4.... **KOHN**, 608 5 Ave., at 49: non-objective paintings by John Sennhauser. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 11.... **COORDINATING COUNCIL OF FRENCH RELIEF SOCIETIES**, 451 Madison, at 50: sculptures by Malvina Hoffman. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 18.

Note—An outdoor showing of paintings and sketches by men in the services will be on view in front of the National Catholic Community Service Center, 17 E. 51, from 2 to 6 P.M., through Sat., Aug. 29.

SPORTS

Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. Aft., Aug. 28, at 3, and Sat. Aft., Aug. 29, at 2:30; Yankees vs. Detroit, Sun. Aft., Aug. 30 (doubleheader), at 2, and Mon. Aft., Aug. 31, at 3; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Wed. Aft., Sept. 2 (doubleheader), at 1:30.... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Dodgers, Sat. Aft., Sept. 5, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., Sept. 6 (doubleheader), at 2:05.

Dog Show—Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, Sat., Sept. 5, at 10 A.M.; Dogs for Defense benefit.

Golf—Jersey Shore Invitation Tournament, Norwood G.C., West Long Branch, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 28-30.

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show Association, Warrenton, Va., Sat. and Mon., Sept. 5 and 7, at about 9 A.M.

Professional Football—Exhibition game, Dodgers vs. Green Bay Packers, Ebbets Field, Sat. Eve., Aug. 29, at 6:15 (in case of rain, Sun. Aft., Aug. 30, at 2:30).

Racing—Daily at Saratoga Springs, at 2:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 29. (The Hopeful and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 29.) Trains will leave Grand Central daily at 9 and 9:15 A.M. ... Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 1:45 P.M., beginning Mon., Aug. 31.

Tennis—National Championships, singles and doubles, an A.W.V.S. benefit: West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, Thurs., Aug. 27, through Mon., Sept. 7, at about 1 P.M.

Trotting—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Sat. at 2:25 P.M. and other weekdays at 6:30 P.M.; through Sept. 19. Trains to Westbury leave Penn Station on Sat. at 12:57 and 1:14 P.M. and on other weekdays at 4:51 and 5:17 P.M.

Yachting—Championship races on the Sound: Riverside Y.C., Sun. Aft., Aug. 30, at about 1.... Atlantic Coast Championships, Star Class, Bay Shore Y.C., Great South Bay, Sun. through Thurs. Afts., Aug. 30-Sept. 3, at about 1.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53: photographs, drawings, and models illustrating the use of camouflage in civilian defense (through Sept. 13); also, a collection of photographs, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war (through Sept. 20). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.... **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49: films and exhibits touching on home defense, along with many other aspects of warfare. A Messerschmitt and a Heinkel, shot down over England, and a German bomb sight have been added to the exhibit. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Fabric Exhibition—A collection of textiles, with some costumes, showing how grass and tree fibres have been made into cloth in various parts of the world: Museum of Costume Art, 630 5 Ave., at 50. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sept. 29.

Fire-Fighting in Review—An exhibition described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE WORLD'S LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, THROUGH SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

ON THE AIR—Racing: the Saratoga Cup, Sat. Aft., Aug. 29, at 4:30, WABC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30, WINS; Alexander P. de Seversky, Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. and Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR.... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, WINS; Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

CROSSROADS—William Powell and Hedy Lamarr, as a French diplomat and his wife, are faced with a nasty blackmail plot, all the nastier on account of Basil Rathbone. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Aug. 31.... Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 29-31.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 29-Sept. 1.... 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Sept. 1-3.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Sept. 1-5.)

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin's classic, which he himself has revised for sound and which turns out to be fresh and modern and altogether still a pleasure. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Aug. 30-Sept. 2.)

HOLIDAY INN—Singing and dancing by Bing Crosby (singing) and Fred Astaire (dancing), a Berlin score, and comical goings on. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Bette Davis as one of those wicked, wicked women again, and an artist at the job. Southern society, from an Ellen Glasgow novel, with Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan as victims. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Aug. 27.)

MRS. MINIVER—Running well over two hours and abundant in incident and sentiment, this may be the year's "epic," showing us how war came to the pleasant lives of English people and how they have endured it. Very polished and often very stirring. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Sept. 2.)

MOONTIDE—A sombre sketch of life along the West Coast waterfront, imaginative and violent. Introducing Jean Gabin, with scarcely a trace of accent, in his first American film, assisted by Ida Lupino and Thomas Mitchell. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 28-31.)

MOSCOW STRIKES BACK—Actual scenes of Moscow's back-striking of last winter, with a commentary by Edward G. Robinson that is not always necessary. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

NAZI AGENT—Conrad Veidt, as twin brothers, is right in the middle of some fast-moving spy doings. (Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., Sept. 2-3.)

THE PIED PIPER—Nunnally Johnson's adaptation of Nevil Shute's story about refugee children sensibly gives Monty Woolley a good deal to do. Roddy McDowall is one of the kiddies. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

THE SPOILERS—Marlene Dietrich takes over the old Alaska of Rex Beach and handles it in style. A healthy Western all around, with John Wayne and Randolph Scott. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Aug. 28.)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN—Jean Arthur, Cary Grant, and Ronald Colman in a comedy that is light but not too fluffy, since it has to do with arson, lynching, and the Supreme Court. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—With Cagney as Cohan, this is a fine film of the great man's history. It's a beautiful musical show, too, the old songs fresh as ever to our ears. Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston are among those involved. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45; Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30, and other days at 2:45.)

REVIVALS

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., Aug. 28.)

THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Aug. 30.)

GUNGA DIN (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Victor McLaglen. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 2-4.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Aug. 27.... Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 2-4.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., Aug. 30.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Aug. 29-Sept. 1.)

PROFESSOR BEWARE (1938)—Harold Lloyd suffering familiar comic indignities. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 31-Sept. 2.)

SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Art, 36 E. 8; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 2-4.)

THEODORA GOES WILD (1936)—Irene Dunne writes a best-seller. With Melvyn Douglas, too. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., Sept. 2-4.)

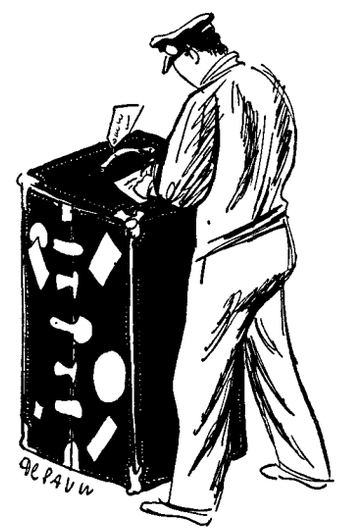
TOP HAT (1935)—Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Irving Berlin music. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Thurs., Aug. 27.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. on this schedule—**THURS., AUG. 27:** "The Thin Man" (1934), Myrna Loy, William Powell. **FRI. AND SAT., AUG. 28-29:** "Chapayev" (1934), Russian film. **SUN. AND MON., AUG. 30-31:** "David Harum" (1934), Will Rogers. **TUES. AND WED., SEPT. 1-2:** "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton, Charles Ruggles. **THURS. AND FRI., SEPT. 3-4:** "Baboona" (1935), Martin Johnson travel film. **SAT., SEPT. 5:** "Swing Time" (1936), Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who wish to help by taking one of the many thousands of local emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to the wartime tasks under its immediate supervision and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O. at the moment, all of more or less equal importance, are (1) men and women to work from eight to twenty hours a week as administrative and clerical assistants in the Departments of Health and Welfare in connection with social-service and evacuation work; (2) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every ten or twelve days, receiving telephoned reports from air-raid wardens; (3) women to work five hours every other day in the Army's Aircraft Warning Service, plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (4) women who, after taking a seven-week Red Cross course, will be willing to work at least one full day every week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (5) boys from sixteen to twenty-one, preferably with bicycles or skates, to be trained for emergency messenger duty; (6) men not immediately subject to the draft to work one evening a week as auxiliary firemen.



People who, for one reason or another, can't volunteer on a steady basis have been asked to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs. (The sugar-rationing board, for instance, at one time required the immediate but temporary assistance of some 400 clerks.) There is also a need for men and women to help out whenever and as long as they can at civilian fingerprinting stations. Volunteers for this work will be given a preliminary three-hour period of training.

SALVAGE—The government is currently asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal, especially pewter, which is about 80 per cent tin. Salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber.... Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of munitions. If you wish to help out in this campaign, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep-frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can, such as those coffee comes in, and keep what you collect in a cool place, to prevent its becoming rancid, until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher.... The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more, and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities.... To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove their paper labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost, but not quite, flat. Your building superintendent will probably agree to dispose of them properly for you; if not, pile them in paper boxes and place them on the sidewalk, where, according to present plans, they will be picked up each Wednesday.

The Salvage Committee is swamped with old pianos and so doesn't want any more just now. Pianos, however, are a rich source of scrap metal and the Committee will presently be asking for them again.... Bottle caps are not wanted, because they are made of inferior metal.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance on these matters, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one near your home and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—Phonographs and phonograph records, radios, books, games (especially darts, Chinese checkers, and backgammon), and athletic paraphernalia are in great demand for men in the services and will be called for by a representative of the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), although it will be much appreciated if you will bring them in yourself.... The Navy wants to borrow Naval Gun Factory, Zeiss, and Bausch & Lomb binoculars, sizes 6 x 30 and 7 x 50; if you have any to lend that meet these specifications, take them to the U.S.O. booth in Penn Station or to Room 909 at 90 Church Street.... The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), needs band instruments to distribute among men in the services and will send around for any you can spare.

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Salute to Gracie Fields—

SHE'S A CHARMER—

with a Beauty Tip for YOU!

"I always use Lux Soap—give myself a daily facial with the wonderful, creamy lather. Helps keep skin smooth!"

For the superb gusto she gives a song, for her abundant charm and good looks, here's to Gracie Fields! See her on her tour of the summer theatres, admire her fresh, smooth complexion. The daily care she uses is simple and *effective*.

"I pat the generous Lux Soap lather in," she says, "rinse with warm water, then with a dash of cool. With a towel I pat lightly to dry. Leaves my skin feeling smoother, softer." Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, every trace of dust and dirt. Try these beauty facials for 30 days!

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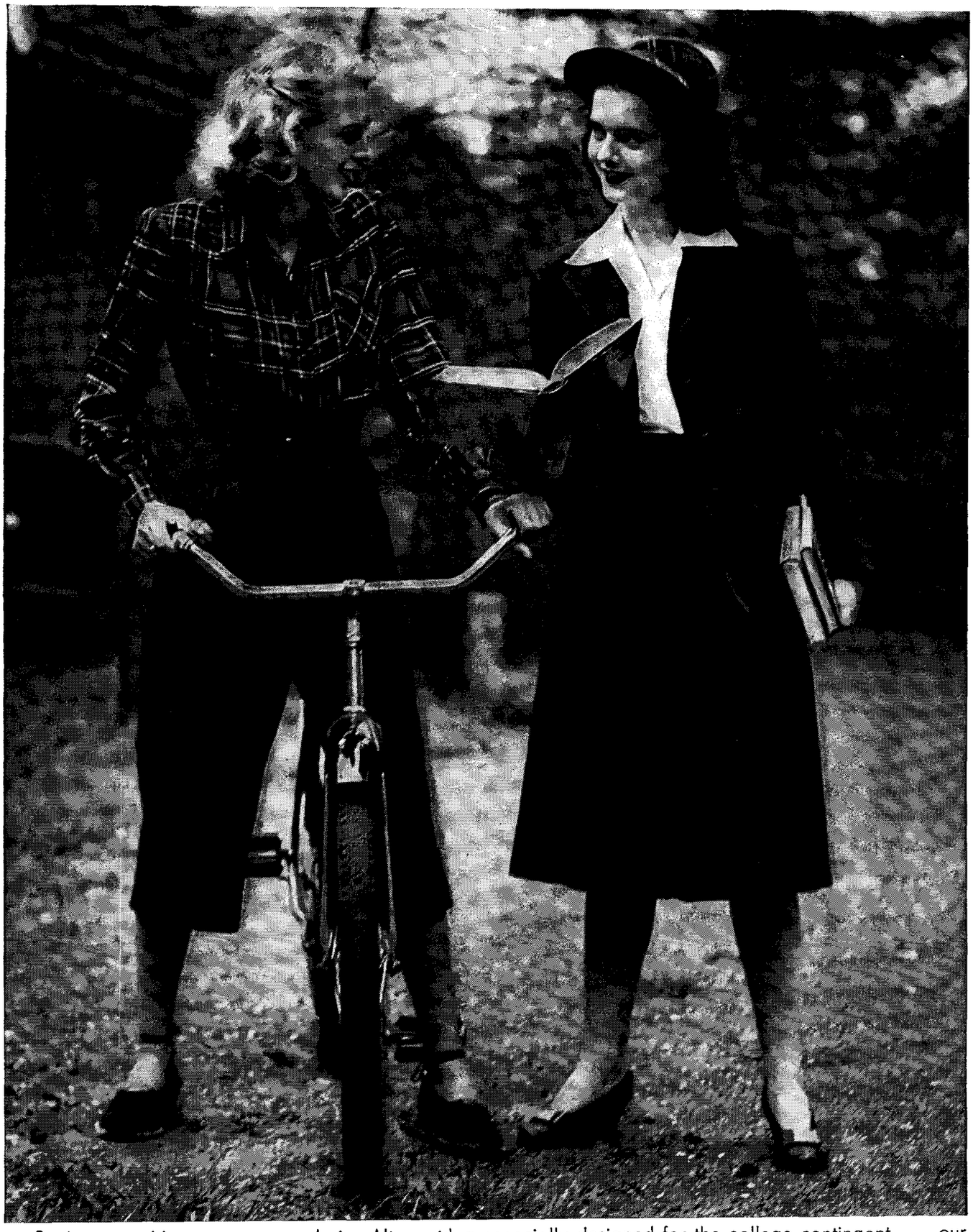

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

VILLAGE BLACKSMITH NOTE: The other day, walking along West Eighteenth Street, we saw our first horse being shod in a garage. We

jotted down all the facts that seemed worth preserving. Description of horse: heavy, dapple gray, work horse of some sort, possibly Percheron. Size of crowd attracted: eleven, ourself included. Attending blacksmith: small man in overalls, seemed to know what he was doing. That's all for now, Posterity.

AN hour and a half is a long time in a war, a long time for busy war workers to take off for lunch, a long time for anybody to listen to speeches. We reached this conclusion after reading in the paper the other day that eighteen thousand shipyard workers at Kearny, New Jersey, listened to Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox and some company officials for an hour, beginning at noon, and that then the back-to-work whistle had to be put off until one-thirty because, when the speakers finally finished speaking, the workers still hadn't had anything to eat. The key to the trouble, we submit, lay in the fact that Secretary Knox mentioned Valley Forge in his speech. If he had been able to steer clear of Valley Forge, the ceremonies would have been over on schedule. Once a wartime orator lets Valley Forge get into his speech, he is not going to be able to finish speaking in less than forty-five minutes at least. Any man, and especially any Secretary of the Navy, must traditionally spend a good deal of time working up to Valley Forge, and once he has reached it and passed it, he has got to spend a lot more time slowing down before he can stop. Our advice to Secretary Knox and to all other wartime orators is to avoid Valley Forge.

Incidentally, old Mr. J. P. Morgan was present at the Kearny ceremonies, and, as far as we can gather from the papers, he uttered not a word. Nice old Mr. Morgan!

THE citizen who has to follow the war in the newspapers still has a lot of figuring to do when he tries to understand the thing. "American heavy bombers," said the aviation expert of the London *Sunday Times*, "are fine flying machines, but they are not suited for the bombing of Europe." "We will bomb Germany as fast and as often as possible until we win the war," said Major General Spaatz, when his Flying Fortresses got back from Rouen. "They carried out their mission nonchalantly and coolly," said Brigadier General Eaker, referring to the crews of the planes. "We all behaved like school kids," said a Missourian, who was a member of one of them. And when Stalin and his comrade Winston Churchill sat down to dinner in Moscow, citadel of plain living and high thinking, there were twenty-six courses, and one description said it was "full of fun and very jocular." Sure is a hard war to follow.

LITTLE boys and girls have been returning from camp this week with paddle and pack. The ones we've encountered on the long portages of Grand Central have looked brown and fit. It is only the parents who show signs of the summer's strain, of the additional worry which this war year has brought. In normal times a parent with a boy or a girl in camp worries only about drowning, axe cuts, appendicitis, fish-hook-in-the-eye, impetigo, intestinal flu, and striking the head on bottom during a dive. This summer, to these standard worries the parents of children in salt-water camps had to add the submarine menace: whether the auxiliary

sloop which the little lad cruised in would be sunk with nothing but an oil slick left to show for it.

NO more valentines at special prices, says Western Union. No more cut-rate greetings at New Year's or Christmas or Easter, echoes Postal Telegraph. Gone are the canned, or, as we like to say, embalmed messages, in which the presumably inarticulate were supposed to express their hopes, their enthusiasms, their condolences, to the presumably unfeeling in dirt-cheap phrases set down by The Company. We like to think that possibly it was not so much the war that put a stop to this practice as the fact that fewer and fewer senders found themselves willing to pay even a reduced rate for a sentiment that was clearly not their own, and that fewer and fewer receivers found themselves taken in by the hollow, prearranged phrases. In any case, this particular heart does not go out to Western Union or to Postal in their bereavement. To come right down to it, we are delighted to see the end of a system which has always seemed to us abominably banal, outrageously patronizing—a system conceived and executed in whopping bad taste. Heigh ho, Western Union! How now, Postal?

WE picked up an old (1938) *Guide Michelin* at a friend's house the other evening and flipped through the pages until we came to Dieppe (Seine-Inférieure). You may be interested in the famous handbook report on what awaited the visitor there in those strange

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faraway days. The season in Dieppe, which was a resort town, began at Easter and ended with October. The place was by no means as smart as Le Touquet (where the great British broadcaster P. G. Wodehouse was captured) and the restaurants of only two hotels displayed a Michelin mark of merit, each of them boasting but a single star for excellence of cuisine. Their specialties were *sole dieppoise*, *canard à l'orange*, *homard à l'amiral*, *homard à l'américaine*, and *poulet de grain sauté à la crème*. Their proudest wines were Château Rieussec 1916, Château Beychevelle 1922, and Clos Belle Vue 1933. There were three places in and around the town which Michelin considered of "particular interest" (two stars): the Church of St.-Jacques, the lighthouse of Ailly, and Arques-la-Bataille. There was nothing of "remarkable interest" (three stars), but sightseers were advised to see a fifteenth-century château and one or two other churches. Much was different in Dieppe this season of 1942, including the visitors from across the Channel, who carried no Michelin. The French, though, were the same, happy to see them, as always.

Welly Koo

WHEN Wellington Koo, Jr., son of the Chinese Ambassador to England, entered Columbia, we printed an article in these pages telling about his old man's fabulous record at Columbia and quoting young Koo as predicting that, if he didn't equal his father's record, he would not be far behind. To do the former, he would have had to take an A.B. and an M.A. in three years, belong to a dozen clubs and societies, be a star debater, serve on the staffs of the *Columbian*, the *Monthly*, and the *Spectator*, and make Phi Beta Kappa. It won't come as too much of a surprise, then, for you to learn that Koo, Jr., known to his classmates as Welly, has done relatively few of these things, and has no particular apologies to offer. He graduated this June, in the customary four years, and has been working this summer as a counsellor at a camp for refugee children. He told us that his father gives him an annual allowance and doesn't encourage him to ask for anything extra, so he usually finds it advisable to work in the summer. This summer, he'll probably net about a hundred dollars. Koo *père* is always telling his son that one way to save money is to wear father's old suits, but this Welly is not prepared to do. The last suit he received from the Ambassador was vintage 1926, with narrow pants and a tight coat. Wearing this, Welly felt, was much too high a price to pay for solvency.

About the only activity in which young Koo topped his father's record at Columbia was track. He ran in the hundred and the two-twenty, winning his numerals but not a letter. The elder Koo persistently went out for track, but his feet were too flat for him to amount to much. Whereas his father was editor-in-chief of the *Spectator*, Welly was merely a cub reporter. He had a good scholastic record—an average of A-minus—but didn't make Phi Beta Kappa. "Shows the difference in the two generations," he told us lightly. "Less emphasis on brains, more on speed." Welly is an anti-fraternity man, unlike his father, and turned down several attractive bids. "I wanted to have a wider circle of friends," he said. His first summer vacation he spent abroad with his family in the south of France. When the war started he came home on a refugee ship, sleeping comfortably in a swimming pool. The next summer he worked at a Y.M.C.A. summer camp ("you know, little religious chats every night"), and the summer after that he was a clerk in the bond department of the A.T.&T. It looks as though he'll go back to Columbia for a Ph.D., under protest. He'd like to start working for the Chinese government, but all the Chinese diplomats, including his father, think he'll be more valuable if he becomes Dr. Koo. "As for me, I think I'm trained for something more than getting another degree," he told us, somewhat discontentedly.

Summing up his career as a Columbia undergraduate, Koo told us it was probably a case of getting off to a bad start. When he first arrived, Nicholas Murray Butler arranged a luncheon in his honor, to be held at the Faculty Club. The assembled guests waited an hour and a half for Koo, then ate without him; President Butler was so sore he could hardly choke down a mouthful. The explanation is simple, if slightly discreditable to young Koo: he had been out late the night before, and just forgot. Toward the end of the afternoon he went around to the president's house, with some idea of offering this explanation in person, but the president sent word that he wasn't home. Some months later, Mrs. Koo was in this country and tried her luck at apologizing. This time Dr. Butler merely laughed. "Ho, ho," he said, very jovially. "Boys will be boys."

Keepsake

AS you newsreel fans hardly need to be reminded, it used to be the custom of the police to take all confiscated weapons down the bay, every six months or so, and throw them overboard. It would be unthinkable to throw away any sort of weapon in these times, of course, and some of the confiscated pistols have turned up on the City Patrol Corps' practice range. A member of the Corps told us that the one he shot with last week had, engraved on the barrel, "To Moe from Gloria." He thinks Gloria ought to know that the gat is O.K., whatever may have happened to Moe.

Deadlier Than the Male

WHEN the newspapers informed us that Jersey was threatened with a plague of mosquitoes, the result of the recent rains, and that we might expect a goodish number to blow across the Hudson, we set out to learn what could be done about this. The answer, in a word, is "Nothing." If you don't already know it, you might be interested in the fact that, if you allow a mosquito to bite you at its leisure and fly away, it will probably leave no irritation. On the other hand, you would, if you did this, be permitting the escape of a potential mother (within a week or ten days) of possibly four hundred mosquitoes. Male mosquitoes don't bite and are, on the whole, rather attractive little creatures with feathery proboscises that they use for sucking up plant juices. A mosquito bitch could live on plant juices if she had to, but she wouldn't like it. More than two thousand species of mosquitoes have been classified in various parts of the world. A hundred and twenty-three have been observed in this country, and New York is pretty well represented by twenty-seven species, among them four of the notorious genus Anopheles. These become transmitters of malaria

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"I'm sure it would upset Hitler to know how he has brought Larchmont and Mamaroneck together."

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and yellow fever whenever they get a chance to bite a human patient suffering from either of these illnesses; this danger, of course, is remote here now.

The above dossier represents the fruit of an interview with Mr. E. J. Ryan, a Department of Sanitation man who is in charge of mosquito control in the metropolitan area. The Department of Sanitation took over this chore quite recently from the Board of Health, which had had jurisdiction since 1905, when efforts to stamp out mosquito-breeding places first began. The Department of Sanitation does not regard mosquitoes lightly, and has assigned a task force of twelve trucks and sixty men to mosquito control. The little beasts breed in stagnant water, either salt or fresh. We on Manhattan don't have to worry about salt marshes, but there are some thirty thousand places here where fresh water may stagnate—manholes, sewer catch basins, and the like. Each of these is visited at regular intervals by a four-man crew with a truck carrying two hundred and fifty gallons of larvicide. The active ingredient of the larvicide is pyrethrum, a powder derived from a flower that used to be brought in from Korea before the war and is now raised commercially in Kenya. This is mixed with a light fuel oil, usually kerosene. It's spread over the stagnant water, and when the larvae come up for air they get a bellyful.

Mr. Ryan maintains three mosquito traps on Manhattan, for the purpose of finding out just what kinds of mosquitoes are hanging around at any given time. We tagged along when he visited one down at the Battery. The trap was back of a fence which surrounded a Parks Department building; it consists of a metal cylinder with an electric light to attract mosquitoes, a fan to suck them in, and a pan of insecticide to finish them off, the whole thing controlled by a clock, which turns it on at dusk and off in the morning. This time there were about a dozen cadavers. Next we went to Mr. Ryan's mosquito-control laboratory, a lively place on Hubert Street. There we found the staff entomologist, a Miss Johnston, gloating over a dead mosquito in a box. "It's a *Psorophora ciliata Fabricius*," she told us. "The largest mosquito known. When it bites, it feels as if you'd been hit by a BB shot. It came from that awful place in Brooklyn," she added, to Mr. Ryan. We probably should have asked *which* awful place in Brooklyn, but we were shy.

Auld Lang Syne

A LOCAL factory, which had just received a big order from the government, placed, in turn, an order for a hundred and forty machine lathes. The salesman to whom the order went returned it with a pathetic note. "Ten years ago," he wrote, "when I was lucky if I sold one of these things in a week, I used to dream of getting an order for a whole gross at once. I wonder if you couldn't revise this order to call for a gross. It would make me very happy." After due reflection, the firm decided that it could use another four lathes, at that.

Chicago Molly Pitcher

A RECENT visitor to this metropolis, Mrs. Walter J. Kelly, personifies the very unlikely thesis that

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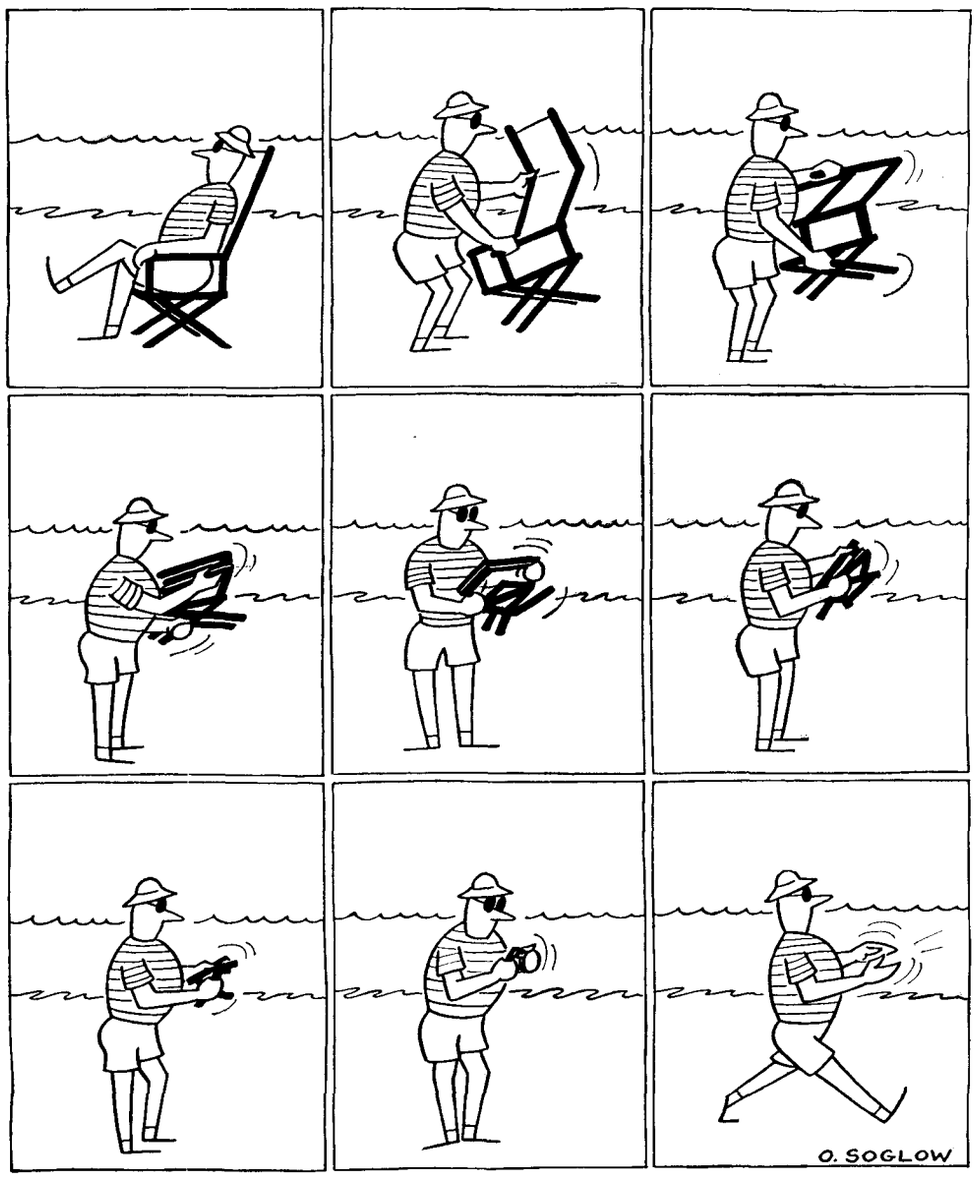
New York can learn anything from Chicago. Mrs. Kelly, in case you're sitting there blinking, is *the* authority on the mass collection of kitchen fat, a project to which everyone who fries a strip of bacon these days should be a contributor. The Office of Civilian Defense, under Mrs. Kelly's advice, asks even the most desultory cook to strain her waste fat into a can and turn it over to a butcher, who will pay for it at the rate of five cents a pound. Fat, you know, contains about ten per cent by weight of glycerine, and glycerine is an essential in the manufacture of high explosives. Out in Chicago, where Mrs. Kelly is chairman of the local fat campaign, the city supplies the war effort each week with enough glycerine to fire 300,000 anti-tank shells, and expects to double this amount when the winter meat-eating season arrives. The country is not getting the billion and a half pounds of vegetable oils we used to import annually from the Dutch East Indies and the Philippines, and Chicago, for one place, is working passionately to make up the lack. The town, in fact, is so well organized that the Waste Fat Saving Committee of Glycerine and Associated Industries, which, with the War Production Board's blessing, is carrying out the nationwide drive, has given Mrs. Kelly an eight-week job touring the country to educate other cities in methods of salvage.

We talked with Mrs. Kelly, a tall brunette, when she was here, and she told us that until Chicago started the country's first house-to-house fat collection last January, she had been managing editor of the *Northtown Economist*, a neighborhood newspaper. Then Mayor Kelly (no relation) drafted her for the chairman's job, and she learned about salvage the hard way. She discovered that tin containers are best, because paper or glass ones collapse or crack under hot grease, that fat must be strained to eliminate food particles, but that onion, fish, or other odors do no harm—small but important points. To awaken housewives to their responsibility, Mrs. Kelly launched a publicity campaign fitted out with some breezy phrases of her own coinage. She described every contributor of fat as a modern Molly Pitcher. "You are sending bullets from the kitchen," she told housewives. This idea was perhaps a little too dramatic, she felt, but recently the WPB approved the wording for general use. She's the author, too, of slogans you'll probably be seeing soon on posters, such as "There's Dynamite in That Grease. Save It and Sell It for Uncle Sam." When Chicago's Molly Pitchers got the idea that their kitchen fat was helping fire guns, there was no stopping them. "Keep 'em frying," one colonial whooped after getting her instructions.

New York City, with its 2,000,000 families, could furnish glycerine for 1,000,000 anti-aircraft shells a week if each household saved the four ounces of waste kitchen fat which Mrs. Kelly says is a reasonable minimum. She passed along her pet conclusions on salvage methods to our local committees, and we asked for a few highlights. She began by being very severe. "Home soap-making must cease. Hundreds practice it right here," she said. "Yes, Ma'am," we said, and asked for more. Well, the Boy Scout, active retriever that he is in many fields, is not the agent for fat collection. "We have found that any attempt to come between a woman and her butcher is fatal," Mrs. Kelly said.



Likeness

ONE of the most treasured bibelots of a bachelor we know is (or was until last week's rainy spell) a Dali portrait of Harpo Marx, showing Harpo wearing a lobster in his hair. The colored maid took it down off the wall one sultry afternoon in the course of some intensive housework. It was lying on a table near an open window when a shower started, creating some effects not intended by Dali. The maid broke the news as soon as our friend got home. "Ah'm

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awful sorry," she said, "but it rained in on that picture of your mother."

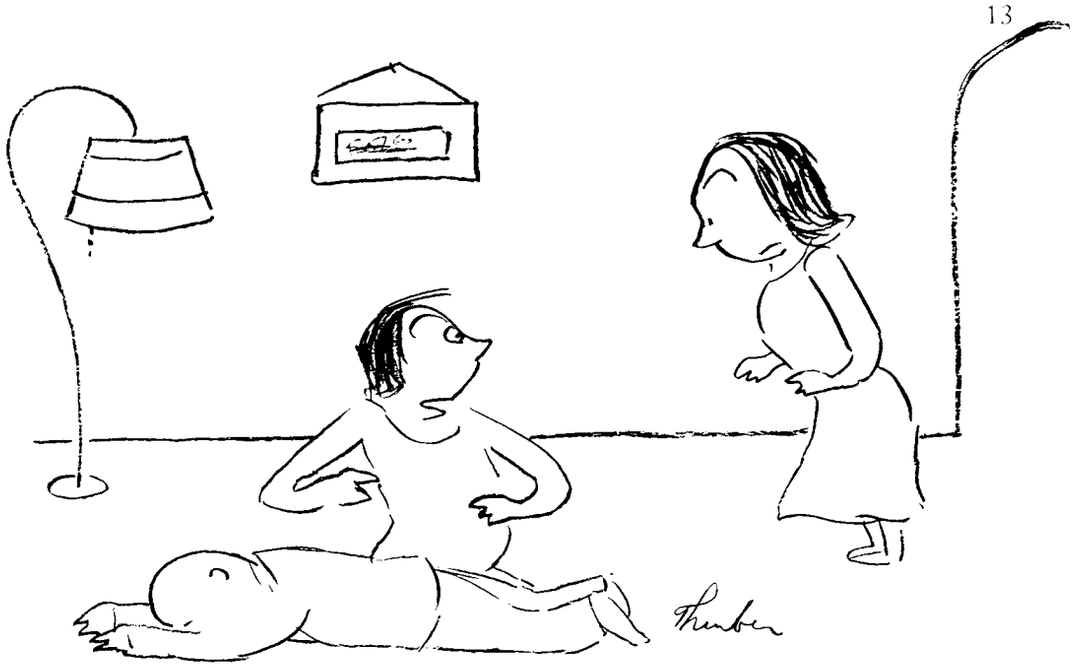
Convention's End

AT the adjournment of the New York State Democratic Convention, which was held last week in the grand ballroom of the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn, the band broke appropriately into "Deep in the Heart of Texas," and as the delegates shuffled out of the hall, we shuffled with them, our ear alert. The State's Attorney General, John J. Bennett, Jr., had just delivered a speech in which he accepted the nomination for Governor. "He's lovely," said a lady delegate. A man from Nassau County said, "They stuck a banner in my hand and I just carried it along. Thank God it wasn't for Mead." One delegate from Queens said to another, "It looks like a cinch for the whole Queens ticket." "Yes, it does," said the other. A little man with a Bennett button in his lapel said, "I was born right on Delancey Street." (He may have been talking to us.) Out in the lobby a woman sitting in an armchair said to a white-haired man in a blue suit and a white stiff collar who was coming from the ballroom, "Well, Johnnie, are you glad it's all over?" "How do you do, Madam?" said the man, and walked on.

We wandered back inside the hall to see if the speakers' platform had cleared and found that Mr. Bennett and James A. Farley were still up there with a dozen or so aides. We asked Mr. Bennett's publicity man, who was smiling cheerfully in the background, if his boss was planning to throw a victory party. "No," said the publicity man, maneuvering us toward a wall. "He doesn't care much for parties, being more the family type. He has a wife and four children. He is hail-fellow-well-met but at the same time quiet and fond of home life. Yet those who know him well will go right down the line for him." He told us that Mr. Farley and Mr. Bennett were waiting around to make a broadcast for the National Broadcasting Company. Mr. Bennett was to reread his acceptance speech and Mr. Farley was to introduce him. We noticed that three or four men with wires and a microphone were climbing busily about the platform. Out in front were a number of cops who had been assigned to watch over the candidate until he went to bed, and also two women without delegates' badges, apparently just sightseers.

"I would not enjoy public life," one of the women said. "The crowds would be too much." "That lady, now, she loved it," said the other, probably referring to Mrs. Flora D. Johnson of Onondaga County, nominated by the convention for representative-at-large. "But then she was a brilliant woman." "Oh, yes, charming," said the first. "What I mean is, the same people who cheer you in a parade, they will boo you from the gallery. There are no eternal values. I like eternal values." The second one said, "Well, the next big show is at Saratoga Springs—the Republicans." "Saratoga Springs is too far away," the first woman said. At this point Mr. Farley glanced out over the floor, and one of the women nodded to him and smiled. "I bow to *you*," said Mr. Farley, and did so.

A little later one of the N.B.C. men said, "Three minutes to go," and Mr. Bennett went over to a table and picked up a water pitcher, which was empty. "Get the General a pitcher of ice water, he's going to broadcast," an aide called to a St. George bellboy who was standing near the platform, and the boy went out. The N.B.C. man edged toward the microphone. "No applause, now," he said to the two ladies and the cops. "Who's applauding?" one of the cops asked. The next minute the broadcast started, the announcer introducing Mr. Farley and Mr. Farley introducing Mr. Bennett as the next Governor of New York. Mr. Bennett then read his speech, at about the middle of which the boy came in with two pitchers of ice water and sat down quietly with them at the back of the hall. Mr. Bennett finished in about twenty minutes, and the group on the platform broke up, most of them patting the candidate on the back as they left, saying, "See you in Albany, Jack." We went out on the heels of the bellboy, whose ice had nearly all melted.



"I think he's stopped breathing. What do I do now?"

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Fraud

THIS one's about a little chap of eight who recently went up to Boston to visit Grandmother, making the train journey all alone and travelling, because of the shortage of Pullman chairs, in a day coach. When he arrived, he reported to Grandmother that the trip had been uneventful, except for a strange encounter with a sailor. It seems that Mother had put him on the train, and then a nice lady had sat down beside him. He and the lady talked for a long time, and then the train stopped and lots and lots of sailors got on. (This would have been New London, we figure.) So then they rode and rode for a long time, and then the train stopped and the nice lady got off. (Providence, undoubtedly.) "And then," the child told Grandmother, bewilderment in his voice, "one of the sailors acted real mad. He came over and said to me, 'Listen, you little weasel, you might have told us that babe wasn't your mother.' "

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"Looks like things will begin to hum now with that fellow Foch in supreme command."

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SUMMER'S DAY

THERE were not very many people at the beach when Mr. and Mrs. Attrell arrived. On this particular day, a Wednesday, possibly a little more than half the morning swimming crowd had come out of the water and gone home for lunch, some on their bicycles, some on the bus which stopped almost anywhere you asked to stop, and a still rather large number driving their cars and station wagons. The comparatively few persons who stayed at the club for lunch sat about in their bathing suits in groups of anywhere from two to seven.

Mrs. Attrell got out of the car—a shiny black 1932 Buick with fairly good rubber and only about thirty thousand miles on it—at the clubhouse steps and waited while Mr. Attrell parked it at the space marked "A. T. Attrell." Mr. Attrell then joined his wife, took her by the arm, and adapted his pace to her slightly shorter steps. Together they made their way to their bench. The bench, seating six, had a sign with "A. T. Attrell" on it nailed to the back, and it was placed a few feet from the boardwalk. On this day, however, it was occupied by four young persons, and so Mr. and Mrs. Attrell altered their course and went to a bench just a bit lower on the dune than their own. Mrs. Attrell placed her blue tweed bag and her book, which was in its lending-library jacket, in her lap. She folded her hands and looked out at the sea. Mr. Attrell seated himself on her left, with his right arm resting on the back of the bench. In this way he was not sitting too close to her, but he had only to raise his hand and he could touch her shoulder. From time to time he did this, as they both looked out at the sea.

It was a beautiful, beautiful day and some of the hungry youngsters of teen age forgot about lunch and continued to swim and splash. Among them was Bryce Cartwright, twelve, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Attrell's friend T. K. Cartwright, whose bench they now occupied.

"Bryce," said Mr. Attrell.

"Mm-hmm," said Mrs. Attrell, nodding twice.

They filled their lungs with the wonderful air and did not speak for a little while. Then Mr. Attrell looked up the beach to his left. "Mr. O'Donnell," he said.

"Oh, yes. Mr. O'Donnell."

"Got some of his boys with him. Not all, though."

"I think the two oldest ones are at war," said Mrs. Attrell.

"Yes, I believe so. I think one's in the Army and the other's in, I *think*, the Navy."

Mr. O'Donnell was a powerfully built man who had played guard on an obscure Yale team before the last war. With him today, on parade, were his sons Gerald, Norton, Dwight, and Arthur Twining Hadley O'Donnell, who were sixteen, fourteen, twelve, and nine. Mrs. O'Donnell was at home with the baby which no one believed she was going to have until she actually had it. Mr. O'Donnell and the boys had been for a walk along the beach and now the proud father and his skinny brown sons were coming up the boardwalk on their way to lunch. A few yards away from the Cartwright bench Mr. O'Donnell began his big grin for the Attrells, looking at Mrs. Attrell, then at Mr. Attrell, then by compulsion at Mr. Attrell's hatband, that of a Yale society, which Mr. O'Donnell had nothing against, although he had not made it or any other.

"Mr. and Mrs. Attrell," he said, bowing.

"How do you do, Mr. O'Donnell?" said Mr. Attrell.

"How do you do, Mr. O'Donnell?" said Mrs. Attrell.

"You don't want to miss that ocean today, Mr. Attrell," said Mr. O'Donnell. "Magnificent." He passed on, and Mr. Attrell laughed politely. Mr. O'Donnell's greetings had, of course, done for the boys as well. They did not speak, nor did they even, like their father, slow down on their way to the bathhouse.

"He's an agreeable fellow, Henry O'Donnell," said Mr. Attrell.

"Yes, they're a nice big family," said his wife. Then she removed the rubber band which marked her page in her book and took out her spectacles. Mr. Attrell filled his pipe but made no move to light it. At that moment a vastly pregnant and pretty young woman—no one he knew—went down the boardwalk in her bathing suit. He turned to his wife, but she was already reading. He put his elbow on the back of the bench and he was about to touch his wife's shoulder again when a shadow fell across his leg.

"Hello, Mrs. Attrell, Mr. Attrell. I just came over to say hello." It was a tall young man in a white uniform with the shoulder-board stripe-and-a-half of a lieutenant junior grade.

"Why, it's Frank," said Mrs. Attrell. "How are you?"

"Why, hello," said Mr. Attrell, rising.

"Just fine," said Frank. "Please don't get up. I was on my way home and I saw your car in the parking space so I thought I'd come and say hello."

"Well, I should think so," said Mr. Attrell. "Sit down? Sit down and tell us all about yourself."

"Yes, we're using your bench. I suppose you noticed," said Mrs. Attrell.

"Father'll send you a bill for it, as you well know," said Frank. "You know Father."

They all had a good laugh on that.

"Where are you now?" said Mr. Attrell.

"I'm at a place called Quonset."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Attrell.

"Rhode Island," said Frank.

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Attrell.

"Yes, I think I know where it is," said Mr. Attrell. "Then do you go on a ship?"

"I hope to. You both look extremely well," said Frank.

"Well, you know," said Mr. Attrell.

"When you get our age you have nothing much else to do," said Mrs. Attrell.

"Well, you do it beautifully. I'm sorry I've got to hurry away like this but I have some people waiting in the car, but I had to say hello. I'm going back this afternoon."

"Well, thank you for coming over. It was very nice of you. Is your wife down?" said Mrs. Attrell.

"No, she's with her family in Hyannis Port."

"Well, remember us to her when you see her," said Mrs. Attrell.

"Yes," said Mr. Attrell. They shook hands with Frank and he departed.

Mr. Attrell sat down. "Frank's a fine boy. That just shows how consider-

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"You gonna listen to me or your conscience? I say you're safe!"

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ate, seeing our car. How old is Frank, about?"

"He'll be thirty-four in September," said Mrs. Attrell.

Mr. Attrell nodded slowly. "Yes, that's right," he said. He began tamping down the tobacco in his pipe. "You know, I think that water—would you mind if I had a dip?"

"No, dear, but I think you ought to do it soon, before it begins to get chilly."

"Remember we're on daylight saving, so it's an hour earlier by the sun." He stood up. "I think I'll just put on my suit and get wet, and if it's too cold I'll come right out."

"That's a good idea," she said.

IN the bathhouse Mr. Attrell accepted two towels from the Negro attendant and went to his booth, which was open and marked "A. T. Attrell," to undress. From the voices there could not have been more than half a dozen persons in the men's side. At first he paid no attention to the voices, but after he had untied the double knot in his shoelaces he let the words come to him.

"And who is T. K. Cartwright?" a young voice was saying.

"He's dead," said the second young voice.

"No he isn't," said the first young voice. "That's the old buzzard that's sitting in front of us."

"And what makes you think *he* isn't dead, he and the old biddy?"

"You're both wrong," said a third young voice. "That isn't Mr. Cartwright sitting there. That's Mr. Attrell."

"So what?" said the first young voice.

"All right, so what, if you don't want to hear about them, old Attrell and his wife. They're the local tragedy. Ask your mother; she used to come here. They had a daughter or, I don't know, maybe it was a son. Anyway, whichever it was, he or she hung himself."

"Or herself," said the first young voice.

"I think it was a girl. They came home and found her hanging in the stable. It was an unfortunate love affair. I don't see why—"

"Just a minute, there." Mr. Attrell recognized the voice of Henry O'Donnell.

"Yes, sir?" asked one young voice.

"You sound to me like a pack of goddam pansies. You oughta be over on the girls' side," said Mr. O'Donnell.

"I'd like to know what business of—" a young voice said, then there was a loud smack.

"Because I made it my business. Get dressed and get outa here," said O'Donnell. "I don't give a damn whose kids you are."

Mr. Attrell heard the deep breathing of Henry O'Donnell, who waited a moment for his command to be obeyed, then walked past Mr. Attrell's booth with his head in the other direction. Mr. Attrell sat there, many minutes probably, wondering how he could ever again face Henry O'Donnell, worrying about how he could face his wife. But then of course he realized that there was really nothing to face, really nothing.

—JOHN O'HARA

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For Boston is a university city in the European sense, and, as such, as vital a force as ever it was in the days of her literary pride. Great men of science, teachers and pioneers in the still-unmapped wilderness of the intellect, are at work in her laboratories: Compton, Chaffee, Harrison, physicists; Conant, Keyes, Whitman, Fieser and the late Lawrence J. Henderson, chemists . . .
—*From an article by Donald Moffat in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Eerie place, Boston.

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ALL OUT! CHANGE CARS FOR THE LIVING ROOM

THE other evening I was flashing like a tiny jewel through the columns of the Hollywood *Citizen-News*, a minute drop of information in my beak and a ringing headache in the offing. (Never mind *why* I was doing it; every man has a right to torture himself in his own way.) I had sucked the venom from the last snarling paragraph of the editorials and was about to tuck my head under my wing when my eye startled into focus at the following:

'FRONT ROOM NOT CARBARN,' WOMAN CHARGES IN SUIT

A lady whose sleep was disrupted rudely when a Los Angeles Railway Corporation streetcar left its track and plowed through her house last August today filed suit against the company for $15,000 damages.

Plaintiff Procapia Portugal charges negligence of the operator of the Gage Ave. shuttle line inasmuch, she contends, as the front room of her house at 463 N. Gage Ave. is a private home and not a carhouse for wandering streetcars. She charges that the car jumped the tracks at Hammil St. and Gage Ave. last August 4 late at night and struck her home with "great speed and violence," destroying part of the place and shaking the rest of the house and her.

She suffered serious injuries, including nervous and heart shock, she said.

I do not propose to try the case in these pages, though it needs no Solomon to decide where the verdict lies. The fair plaintiff's pique is pardonable; a trolley in one's lap is a deliberate and flagrant invasion of privacy. My sympathy extends rather to someone whose name does not appear in the dispatch—her attorney. To be forced to live in Los Angeles and practice law is punishment enough; to be asked to plead a cause like the foregoing demands that a man keep a tight rein on his reason. Using several odds and ends, like bits of string, old spools, and chicken fat, I have constructed a masque around a vaguely parallel situation which occurred to me. The characters, of course, are completely fictitious, and any eccentricity in their behavior is rooted in my own ganglia. If you will slip on an opera cloak lined in flame-colored satin, I think we may dispense with the overture:

Scene: The law chambers of George Essick and Hosmer Figg. A sparsely furnished room containing several sectional bookcases in golden oak, two battered desks, and a steel engraving of the late Chief Justice Marshall, with a balloon issuing from his mouth, reading "In orthodontia est pecunia" ("In dentistry there is money"). As the curtain rises, Noel Prosse, a junior clerk, is immersed in a law tome. The door opens; Essick and Figg enter heavily, carrying briefcases.

ESSICK: All right, Nostradamus, drop your domino. Were there any phone calls?

PROSSE: Not since the instrument was removed six months ago.

ESSICK (*harshly*): None of your chaff. I told you to sweep up, not sit there with your nose in a book.

PROSSE: At least I can get it into a book. That's more than you can do.

ESSICK: Why, you little roach—

FIGG: Ah, give over, it's too hot. What are you reading, Noel?

PROSSE: Blackstone on "Torts."

ESSICK: From the trollops I see him with, he'd be better off with Blackstone on "Tarts."

PROSSE (*with hatred*): You've a sharp tongue in your head, Mr. Essick. Look out it doesn't cut your throat.

ESSICK: I've had enough of your sauce, you young squirt. You're fired!

PROSSE (*taking his hat*): The usual severance pay, I presume?

ESSICK (*sweetly*): You know the code, Counsellor. Go ahead and sue.

PROSSE: I'll see you in the small-claims court. Goodbye, you leech. (*He exits, a penholder flung by Essick quivering in the door after him.*)

FIGG: Gosh, Essick, that's no way. Only yesterday you fired Mandamus, our old colored retainer.

ESSICK: You use that word "retainer" once more and I'll put a slug in your back. (*Figg shrugs, buries himself in a law journal. Essick scrawls disconsolately on his blotter. A footstep sounds in the corridor.*)

FIGG (*jumping up*): A client!

ESSICK: Don't blow your top. Probably a sneak from the Bar Association.

(*A small man in a rumpled mohair suit and dry-cleaned panama enters, looks about anxiously.*)

MAN: I got to see a lawyer right away. My name is Minneapolis—Leo Minneapolis.

ESSICK: What are you—a Greek?

MAN: Well, I'm not a Greek's brother.

FIGG: You mean your brother's not a Greek?

MAN (*plaintively*): I don't know what I mean. I got a lot of trouble.

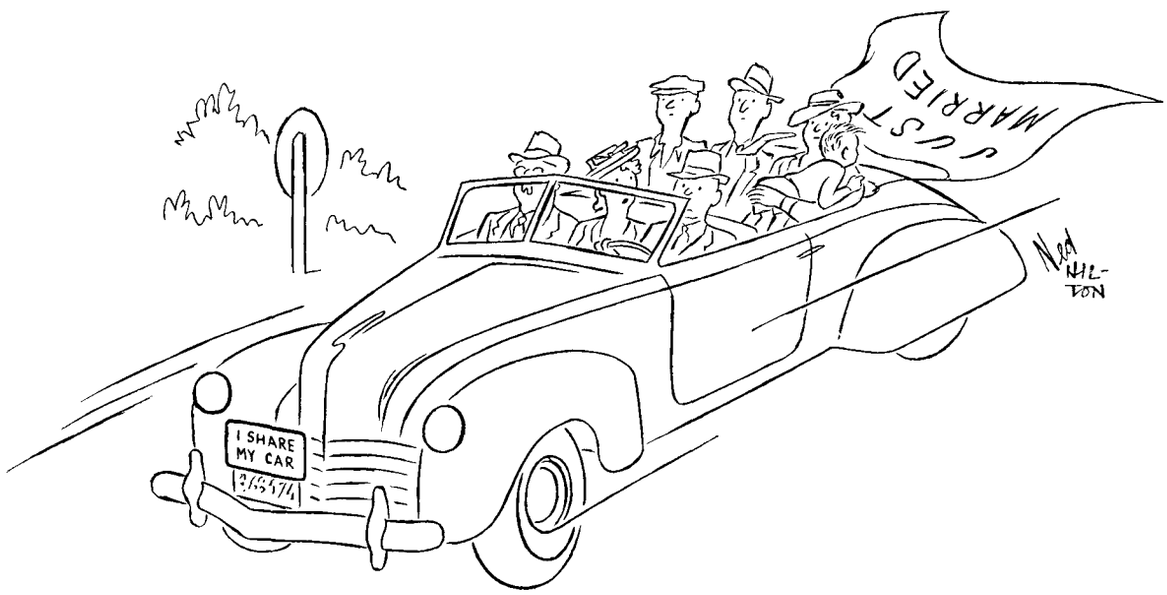
ESSICK: We all have. What is it?

MAN: I want to sue a massage parlor on Alta Yenta Drive. Yesterday I was a little acid, see? So I figure I'll go down to the Friendly Fevers and get a good baking out.

ESSICK (*wearily*): Keep it crisp.

MAN: Today I couldn't hardly do my brain-breathing exercises. My bile don't function properly and my whole left side is numb.

ESSICK: Listen, brother, you haven't got a leg to stand on. (*His diagnosis is accurate; the petitioner's knees buckle sharply and he almost founders. Essick*



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NIGHT WATCH

"Hey, George! Here's a pie! From the ladies' auxiliary of the Horatio Quinn Post of the American Legion."

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elbows him roughly out the door.) Go on, you stew-bum, sleep it off in the park!

FIGG: What did you do that for? I heard some change jingling in his pants.

ESSICK: Nah, strictly a moocher. (*A knock at the door; a woman bustles in.*)

WOMAN (*importantly*): I guess you heard about me. My name is Venezuela.

ESSICK: Aha! And your principal exports are coffee and bananas. Look here, lady—

WOMAN: Didn't you read in the paper where the streetcar came in my house?

ESSICK (*desperately*): I don't read the papers. I have a radio in my head.

WOMAN: I can remember it just as plain. I was sitting in the kitchen with Morris the night of August fourth when I heard a noise like a streetcar in the living room.

ESSICK: Yes, yes, the wind—your imagination, no doubt.

WOMAN: I said to Morris, "Morris, there's a streetcar in the next room." He just laughed.

ESSICK (*hoarsely*): Figg, reach me that paperweight.

WOMAN: The next thing, the curtains parted and there stood—

ESSICK: I know. There stood Morris, kicking the gong around. Now, Madam, I'll tell you something. You've got a doormat, haven't you?

WOMAN: Sure, but—

ESSICK: What does it say on it?

WOMAN: Why, "Welcome," I guess.

ESSICK: And you expect me to get up in court and convince a jury you didn't invite that streetcar in? I wouldn't touch—

(*She wheels, listening intently.*)

WOMAN: There's somebody in the hall!

ESSICK (*inspired*): Quick, hide in the closet! (*He opens a door, bundles her in, turns exultantly.*) We're in the chips, Figg! There's bound to be a reward!

FIGG: But on second thought I did read something—

ESSICK: Don't *you* start, for Pete's sake. (*Jiggling the hook of the telephone, which has reappeared mysteriously*) Where the hell's that operator? (*Another knock. A second woman enters, with a determined scowl.*)

SECOND WOMAN: How soon can I get a divorce?

ESSICK (*rubbing his hands*): Well, this is more like it. Under Mexican law, in about three weeks.

SECOND WOMAN: Fine. Now, my name is Brazil—

ESSICK (*faintly*): Oh, my God!

SECOND WOMAN: My husband's a motorman on the Gage Avenue shuttle line. Ever since last August fourth he keeps bending my ear about steering into some woman's living room.

ESSICK (*rocking back and forth, head in hands*): It's a judgment on me.

FIGG: You better come back tomorrow, Mrs. Brazil. My partner's not well. He ate a bad avocado—

SECOND WOMAN: I can't wait. That man's got me frantic!

ESSICK (*suddenly*): What's that—a footstep?

SECOND WOMAN: My husband! He must have followed me!

ESSICK: Here, duck in the closet! (*He whisks her in, slams the door.*) August fourth, eh? Remember what happened fifty years ago on August fourth, Figg?

FIGG: Why, no, I can't say I do.

ESSICK (*rummaging in his desk*): Fall River. Party by the name of Borden.

FIGG: *Hey!* What are you doing with that hatchet?

ESSICK: I'll get some business for this goddam firm. (*Crossing to closet*) Call up the D.A. and tell him you've got a case!

CURTAIN

—S. J. PERELMAN

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COMBINED OPERATIONS

GREGORY PARSONS opened the gate of his Oxfordshire cottage and trod delicately up the path between the clipped lavender hedges. It was a beautiful summer evening and he looked warm and a trifle dusty in his dark town clothes. He had taken off his black Homburg hat as he walked from the station, and carried it in his hand, together with the evening paper and a large government briefcase. At the door he paused, then cautiously lifted the latch and entered his home as though proposing to make off with the silver.

His wife, Laura, wearing a red-and-white striped blouse and dark-blue slacks, came into the dark little flagstoned hall, carrying a bowl full of raspberries. "You needn't worry," she said. "They're down at the pub."

"Thank God for that!" said Gregory. He dropped his hat, newspaper, and briefcase in a heap on the floor and took off his coat, making a not very successful shot with it in the direction of a chair. Then he followed her into the kitchen, where she was filling a row of bottling jars with the raspberries.

"Well?" he said. "How did they take it?"

"Perfectly all right," she said. "They didn't even seem surprised."

"When are they—"

"The day after tomorrow. Roger says he's due for a week's leave anyway, and they think they'll go off to Wales and fish. Then they're going to try and get the Murdochs to lend them their studio for a bit."

"Trust Roger to try and get something on the cheap. Thursday! My God, I can hardly believe it." Gregory stretched out his arms luxuriously, and a look of utter peace came over his nervous, sallow face. "I couldn't keep my mind on anything today. There was a conference this afternoon, rather an important one. All through it I kept on thinking, what the hell shall we do if they dig their toes in and say they won't go?"

"It was easy, really," Laura said, snapping rubber rings carefully round the bottles. "I broke it to Madeline this morning when at last she condescended to get herself out of bed and come downstairs. She was scratching round here making herself some coffee when I did it. I said, 'Oh, Mad, Gregory and I feel like beasts, but we've got to ask you and Roger to turn out. Gregory's sister Penelope and her children are coming over from Ireland, and they haven't got another place to go except us.' "

"It sounds a bit fishy," said Gregory. "They know Penelope and I can't stand the sight of each other. However, I expect you put it over all right. What did she say?"

"She said, 'Of course, my dear. That was in the arrangement when we came here. You promised to let us know when anything like that turned up.' All very reasonable, I must say. It made me feel rather dreadful. Then, when Roger got back this evening, she sidetracked him upstairs and told him. I heard their voices for ages when I was picking the raspberries. Then they came down, and Roger said about Wales and the Murdochs' studio, and they went off to the pub."

"Leaving you picking the raspberries," said Gregory bitterly. "*Of* course. If that bitch had ever done a hand's turn around here to help you, things might have been very different."

"Oh, I'd really rather do it," said Laura. "You know the *fuss*. Besides, they're not going to eat these raspberries, are they?"

"No, by God, they're not," said Gregory cheerfully. "Now that they're going—" He stopped and repeated the words, as though he were rolling them on the tongue like some rare old vintage. "Now that they're going, it's amusing to try and decide what got us down worst. Do you know, with me I think it's Roger's habit of handing me the vegetables at meals. Handing them to me as though I were a guest in my own house, mark you."

"The way Mad leaves the bathroom!" said Laura. "It certainly will be nice to go in and not find clouds of powder over the glass, everything swimming in water, and the lavatory jammed with face tissues."

"It will also be pleasant to turn the radio to the program *we* want for a change," said Gregory.

He got up and went out into the hall. Picking up his briefcase, he waved it at Laura and said, "I've got two bars of chocolate in here—that little shop off the Strand had some in today."

"Darling, how lovely! We'll eat it when we go to bed."

"Soon we'll be able to eat it when and where we like," said Gregory. "Well, I'm going to change. You know, it's indescribable how different the house feels when they're out of it." Trolling "Figaro" unmusically but happily, he climbed the rickety stairs to their bedroom. There he got out of his London clothes, letting them lie where they dropped, and put on a loud colored shirt and a pair of dirty gray flannel trousers. Then he went downstairs and out into the garden, where he fetched a hoe from the lean-to shed and ambled off to the vegetable plot.

GREGORY began hoeing the bindweed among the carrot rows, enjoying the small, muscular effort after the long day of sitting at his desk and in the hot, crowded train. The carrots were looking fine. "Next year," Roger had said the other day, "we must find room for more carrots and cut out the turnips. Neither Mad nor I like turnips." Like his damned nerve, thought Gregory, without bitterness. The time for bitterness was over and past. This was the weak and delicious period of convalescence, when it was pleasant to lie back and think dreamily how much had been endured. Now that the temperature was down, it was possible for the first time to analyze coolly, and that in itself was a luxury. Since the Butlers had moved into Willow Cottage, Gregory couldn't remember feeling cool and analytical once. Yet it had seemed such an admirable arrangement at the start. He and Laura had always got on splendidly with Roger and Madeline. They had

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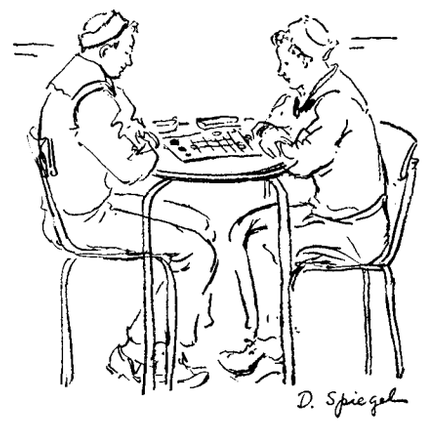
dined with each other regularly, and Roger and Gregory worked in the same Ministry. Gregory had even felt faintly and agreeably attracted by Madeline, who was blonde and pretty as a bad picture, without the bother of ever having to do anything about it. When the Butlers' flat was blitzed, therefore, it seemed a fine idea that they should move out into the country with the Parsons. Gregory couldn't put his finger right on the moment when it had stopped being a fine idea and become hell. Neither could he point triumphantly to any big contributing cause. If anyone had asked him, he would have had to say, "Well, it's partly the way Roger begins every other sentence with 'In point of fact,' and Mad talks brightly at breakfast, and Roger is always in the lavatory when I go there, and he gets our bottles of gin mixed, and Mad rings up friends of hers in Cheshire or somewhere and forgets to pay for the calls." Half the time it wasn't even as definite as that. It was a laugh, a way Mad had of sitting, a glance exchanged between her and Roger, which was sufficient to set Gregory's teeth on edge. Maybe he had exaggerated some of it now and then. For instance, in this mood of splendid, almost lightheaded detachment which had come over him as he hoed the carrot rows, he knew that quite possibly Madeline hadn't eaten his butter ration a few days before. Yet he could remember how, at the time, the pat had definitely looked smaller to him than when he had seen it last, and how he had confided to Laura in bed that night that he was positive that Madeline had helped herself from it for the sandwich she had suddenly felt like making the night before. He had shaken with anger, thinking of his butter disappearing into that wide, peasant mouth, which had once seemed to him aimlessly desirable. Rather idiotic, sordid little emotions they seemed now. He and Laura had never been able to talk freely except in bed. Willow Cottage wasn't like a large house, where you could get away easily from other people. It was old, too, and sounds bounced through the leaks in its beams and wattle-and-daub walls. As they lay with the covers drawn up to their chins and talked in furious low voices, they could hear the Butlers murmuring away in the next room like furtive doves under their eaves.

ROGER and Madeline walked up the path between the lavender to Willow Cottage. They were arm in arm and feeling very affectionate and happy, for they had been celebrating down at the Bull. Suddenly it had seemed an occasion for celebration, and they had stayed on and on in the stuffy little bar, with its darts board and picture of Queen Victoria as a girl. "In point of fact," Roger had said as he brought over their third pint, "poor Laura's nothing but an Andromeda of the sink, with no Perseus in sight. A certain amount of household toil is inevitable in these days, but is it necessary to make quite such a tiresomely conspicuous sacrifice of oneself?" They had decided that it wasn't and that Thursday would be a merciful deliverance all round. When they went into the cottage the first thing they saw was Gregory's hat, newspaper, and coat lying on the floor. Roger nodded at them. "Typical Gregory," he said in a low voice. "Just as we were saying. Charming when you don't have to live with it, no doubt." He picked up the hat and put it carefully on the table just as Laura came out of the kitchen and said, "There you are, you two."



"Yes, here we are," said Madeline. She and Roger exchanged a slight smile. Sitting at Queen Victoria's feet, they had found out that Laura's habit of stating the obvious was one of the things that made them both want to scream.

SUPPER was an amiable meal, at which the approaching departure was mentioned lightly by both couples. Roger said that being in London again would have its advantages. "In point of fact, the train journey is a bit of a sweat," he said, getting up and handing Gregory the dish of peas. "Thanks, Roger," said Gregory mildly, helping himself. After supper they went into the living room, and Roger fiddled with the radio until he found a program of swing. Ordinarily Gregory detested swing music, but tonight he wagged his foot and hummed.

"I suppose you'll want old Carter and his taxi to take your stuff to the station on Thursday," he said.

"I suppose so," said Roger.

Gregory hummed some more. He and Laura went to bed early. They sat up in bed, reading and eating the two bars of chocolate with private, deliberate greed. They could hear the Butlers in the next room, talking in low voices, Roger cleaning his teeth and gargling, and the scratchy sound of Madeline brushing out her thick, fair hair.

Any one of these noises would have been calculated, twenty-four hours before, to make Gregory irritable, but now he listened dreamily. It was nice to

THE CALYX OF THE OBOE BREAKS

The calyx of the oboe breaks,
silver and soft the flower it makes;
and next, beyond, the flute-notes seen,
now are white and now are green.

What are these sounds, what daft device,
mocking at flame, mimicking ice?
Musicians, will you never rest
from strange translation of the breast?

The heart, from which all horrors come,
grows like a vine, its gourd a drum;
the living pattern crawls and climbs,
eager to bear all worlds and times;

trilling leaf and tinkling grass
glide into darkness clear as glass;
then the musicians cease to play,
and the world is waved away.

—CONRAD AIKEN

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THE READING PUBLIC

The charming Countess Tchadhzichew, shown here leaving the Colony with her prize-winning Schnauzer, "Fifi," says she owes her eternally youthful skin to a simple cleansing ritual which she performs twice a day, after rising and before she goes out for the evening. It requires only some cracked ice, the juice of three lemons, and the white of an egg. (The Countess confides that she "nevaire" permits water to touch her lovely skin.) First, she applies the white of egg with an upward and inward circular motion, working from the tip of the chin up to the bridge of the nose. Then, while the newly awakened skin is still thanking her for the delightful experience . . .

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think of Madeline brushing her light hair in the candlelight. The silly creature had nearly set the thatch on fire one night a few weeks back, but he thought of that incident only momentarily. He was thinking of her sunburnt arms raised as she brushed, pulling taut the lines of that really delectable bosom.

"I hope it will come off all right Thursday," he said.

"It will come off all right," said Laura comfortably. "Don't you worry." She shut up her book and snuggled down beside him.

Gregory blew out the candle and lay down, too. He felt very happy. Already he could look ahead with anticipation to the time when he would again feel that particular need which the Butlers had always filled so satisfyingly, when he would pick up the telephone and say "Roger? Look, what are you and Mad doing tonight?"

—Mollie Panter-Downes

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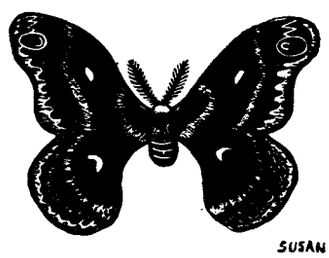
A REPORTER AT LARGE

TINTORETTO IN A WALKUP

JUST before the Germans invaded Holland, two Dutch art collectors, one of whom owned perhaps the finest collection of Low Country masterpieces in Europe, evacuated their paintings to the United States —paintings, as it happened, which certain of the Nazi leaders, who have unexpectedly revealed themselves to be enthusiastic amateurs of the arts, had their eyes on. The two collectors, as a result of their forehandedness, are now, it is known, either dead or in concentration camps, for even art, in 1942, is bound up in terror. Ever since the war began, there has been a constant flow of European art to this country. Much of this "refugee" art—privately owned works that have taken refuge in this country to escape the bombings and other risks of present-day warfare—lives here, like the human refugees, in comparative secrecy. Whenever the owner of a transplanted collection, or any of his relatives, has remained in Europe, secrecy is imperative, and for this reason in the following notes the names of many pictures and owners will be concealed.

If we are the arsenal of democracy, we seem also to be the Fort Knox of its culture. Some dealers say that we now hold a concentration of great art of all schools and periods that could hardly be matched in any other country. Certainly this is true of French nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting. In this field alone some of the most important collections in Europe—from Berlin, the Jakob Goldschmidt and Eugene Garbaty, both focused mainly on Impressionist and post-Impressionist art; from Zurich, the Fleischmann, which ranges from Corot to Picasso; from Paris, the Gagnat aggregation of French moderns and Mme. Esnault-Pelterie's Daumiers—have escaped to this country.



SUSAN

Some of the fugitive works have been seen in exhibitions, but not all of them, and there are others that perhaps will never be publicly shown. The citizens of New Rochelle, for instance, might be somewhat surprised to learn that for the last year or so their community has harbored two excellent Rubenses. These hang in a tiny, inexpensive room in a rooming house, and belong to a young German woman of pronounced anti-Nazi feeling who married an Englishman a few years before the war. At the time she was married the Nazis had already blocked the export of gold and other valuables from the country, but they had not blocked pictures. Therefore, her father gave her, as a dowry, the Rubenses. They went with her to England, and stayed there until after Dunkerque, when, with invasion talk in the air and a special concern in her husband's mind about what the Nazis might do if they captured a German girl who had married an Englishman, she was packed off here. The Rubenses came with her as a form of insurance in case she should fall on hard times. She didn't. She has a job in the city, to which she commutes. She lives quietly, and her landlady and a few friends who drop in of an evening are about the only people over here who have seen the pictures.

Similarly, there are a couple of fine, unexhibited Monets, one an especially good example of the artist's early "English Channel" series, now hanging in a Greenwich Village apartment, after about as curious a journey as any paintings could have. They belong to James Butler, a grandson of Mme. Monet (his father, the American painter Theodore Butler, married one of Monet's stepdaughters), and were the gift of the artist. Butler, who also married a Frenchwoman and lived in France, got out of his home in the Norman village of Giverny with his wife a little more than a week before the Germans arrived. By the time the Butlers reached Paris, transportation had broken down and such baggage as they had brought with them got no farther. They left Paris with only the clothes they had on and such belongings as they could carry, including their Monets. With considerable foresight, Butler, who is something of an outdoorsman, had brought along camping equipment from his home. Walking by day and camping by night, with the Monets wrapped up in a blanket roll, and with not much else save a tent, a ground sheet, and a couple of toothbrushes, he and his wife made their way—quite comfortably, he says now—to the Spanish border. They crossed at Hendaye, on the last day the frontier was open. The Monets, despite a good deal of wet weather en route, came through undamaged.

Of interest to Renoir admirers is the fact that Gabrielle, nursemaid to the Renoir children and the subject of innumerable paintings by the master himself, is now in this country. Married to an American artist, and well along in years, she arrived here from the south of France something over a year ago and lives in seclusion in California. She brought with her a number of Renoir paintings and sketches, given to her in the course of her long association with the artist.

ONE collector, well-known abroad for a particularly fine Tintoretto he possesses, along with an assortment of other fine canvases, lives today in a two-room apartment at the top of an old walkup in the upper Fifties. Though moderately wealthy in Europe, he escaped with little except his pictures. A bachelor, he keeps house for himself, and there's a Murgeresque air about his apartment, with its carpetless floors and scanty furnishings. The Tintoretto, a lovely rendition of the legend of Tarquin and Lucrece, hangs in the bedroom, on the wall opposite the foot of the bed, so the owner wakes to see it each morning. Nearby, on two other walls of the same room, are a fine small Géricault and a tawny little Mediterranean landscape by Renoir. The other paintings in this informal collection range from a figure study by the young Millet to a late, rather cryptic Picasso. The owner, who in Europe maintained an apartment in Paris as well as a house in Cologne, has a wide acquaintance among the refugees in this country. A tall, jolly, ruddy-faced man of about sixty, he has a reputation for conviviality; a large collection of empty wine bottles testifies both to his hospitality and to the fact that he can never remember to get the empties downstairs in time for the garbage man. Artists and collectors, art experts and historians, are continually dropping in to see the paintings and talk over old times. They speak German, French, and English indiscriminately, and, since there are fewer than a half-dozen chairs in the whole apartment and most of these are in dubious condition, the guests gravitate naturally to the bedroom, where there is at least the bed to sit on. "You see now why I never get my bed made," the owner once said, in a rare moment of apology for the cheerful disorder in which he habitually lives. "People come and sit down there, and when one goes,

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"I said turn down that damn radio!"

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in comes another. When would I have time?" As a number of his friends have pointed out to him, he would have more than enough money to live comfortably for the rest of his life if he sold even half his paintings. Now and then, when he has to, he sells one; he celebrates glumly with a friend or two, then goes back to living as cheaply as he can, to postpone the day when he'll have to part with another. Though a painter of some promise in his younger days, he gave all that up long ago. "A man can't be a painter and a collector too," he says. "The two just do not go together. Now I am not even a collector any more. To be that, one should buy, buy, buy, and I cannot afford to do that. I am just what you call a hoarder."

Many other exiles have brought over pictures frankly as a form of collateral. Art, though we in this country rarely think of it in this light, is one of the most compact and easily transportable forms of wealth. There are small paintings by Vermeer and Van Eyck and other sought-after early masters whose value is close to and at times even over the million-dollar mark. Such paintings, if on canvas, can be removed from their stretchers and rolled into cylinders hardly larger than a rolled-up newspaper; if on wood, they can be slipped into a good-sized brief case. Ounce for ounce, they rank with diamonds, and while every painting is not a Vermeer, neither does every refugee have a million dollars to carry with him. For the man with five or ten thousand dollars to transport, a few Cézanne water colors, a Corot, or a couple of small Boudin landscapes would fill the bill. Europeans, wiser than we in the stratagems needed for survival in times like these, know all this very well and if there has seemed to be something slightly frivolous in the situation of people fleeing from the ravages of war in Europe, each with a canvas or two stowed away in his luggage, it should be remembered that in many instances these were prized possessions in more ways than one.

One German author, intensely hostile to the Nazi regime, finding that gold and securities were blocked at the time he decided to leave the country, turned what property he had into cash and spent it on a collection of objets d'art—small bronzes, antique ivories, and the like—which he managed to bring out without difficulty. Since they were selected with some discrimination, their sale helped to tide him over his first months here. So too, an American architect, long a resident of Cologne, turned to objets d'art as the way of getting money out of the country. By that time even the export of art had been stopped, but he had a good deal of business in Holland, and each time he crossed the border he smuggled over a piece or two in his pockets. As smuggling, he says now, it was singularly unexciting because the trainmen and frontier police all knew him from earlier days and never bothered to search him. Even if they had, it is doubtful if they would have seen much value in the small Greek bronzes or age-roughened Egyptian stone figurines he had in his possession. He brought out some fifty or sixty pieces this way, many of them important ones, and deposited them with a friend in Holland. Drawing things rather fine, he got out of the Lowlands himself just three days before they were invaded.

IN general, there seems to have been less dependence on smuggling and other desperate maneuvers to get art out of Europe than might be supposed. Now and then, however, one hears tales of paintings being whisked across borders

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"I believe their name is Krebs. We only know them to say hello to."

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in false-bottomed trunks or cached in the backs of motor cars, and they may be true. One of the most ingenious schemes, supposedly, was employed in behalf of an Italian-owned Magnasco of considerable value; the owner merely removed the canvas from its stretcher and glued it, face down, to the canvas top of his car. There, looking like a large patch in the material, it travelled safely past the customs at the French-Italian border, and on down to Marseilles, where it was shipped to this country.

Big collections are too well known to be smuggled. As with princes, it is practically impossible for them to travel incognito. For the most part, such drama as accompanied their flight in the past few years lay in the confusion and uncertainty and sudden flares of panic which made all decisions difficult, and in the critical moment at which each owner had to make up his mind whether to abandon his collection or to try to move it, and, if the latter, how to go about doing so. Frequently the tension was heightened by the fact that the owner knew his life was in danger, and that the danger was increasing the longer he delayed. At such times, the tedious process of dismantling a collection and arranging it for shipment, applying for exit-visas, and waiting for them, could become a period of mounting apprehension. Sometimes, though, in the midst of things, luck intervened. So it was in the case of the famous Jakob Goldschmidt collection in Berlin. Goldschmidt, a Jew, a banker, and a supporter of the liberal Stresemann regime, represented everything the Nazis hated, and almost from the beginning of the movement he had been a target of their oratory. When they acceded to power, it became apparent that he was in active peril. Friends urged him to get out of the country. This called for an immediate flight, however, in which he would have had to leave all his property, including his collection, behind, and though he knew the risks of delay, he boggled at fleeing. At this point, an unexpected thing happened. The Italian government expressed an interest in buying his house in Berlin for its Embassy. Unquestionably, the Italians knew how Goldschmidt stood with the Nazis, and the price they offered was correspondingly low. Goldschmidt agreed to the price—it would have been senseless not to—but he stipulated as a term of the sale that he be permitted to leave Germany and take the paintings then housed in the building with him. This required that the Italians intercede for him with the Na-

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zis. In a way it was like bargaining in front of a lion's mouth. On the other hand, the Italians had nothing to lose by the maneuver; they were obtaining the site they wanted cheaply, and it would cost them nothing if the owner got away with the canvases he set such store by. They interceded, and the Nazis, eager to gain favor with the then solidly established Italian Fascists, gave their consent. Goldschmidt got out with his collection, a small but beautifully integrated one that includes, among other fine examples of nineteenth-century French painting, Cézanne's "Boy with Red Vest," Manet's "Rue de Berne," a magnificent Toulouse-Lautrec, "Portrait of Madame Gortzikoff," and a lovely early Renoir, "La Pensée."

ACCORDING to all reports, the art market in Europe has for some time been in the midst of a boom of almost unprecedented dimensions. Even in England, sales have been unusually brisk, and prices there have gone so high as to produce an odd backwash from this country; in one instance, a painting, a fairly well-known Corot, after being evacuated from France and finding a poor reception here, was reshipped to London, where it was quickly disposed of at a high figure. In Holland, the art market has been characterized by what Wall Street men would call "active trading." With rumors of a second front constantly increasing, and a new mass movement of civilians a distinct possibility, canny Dutchmen have been converting their assets into as compact and transportable form as possible. Also, the Nazis have done some heavy buying. Led by Hitler himself, every Party bigwig is engaged in amassing a collection, to be maintained as a symbol of its owner's aesthetic perceptions if the war goes well, to be whipped off stretchers and suitcased away if the war goes badly.

Hitler's own collection, it is said, is destined for a museum already under construction in Linz, the Austrian town to which the Schicklgruber family moved shortly after Adolph's birth and where most of his childhood was spent. Only one painting, Vermeer's "The Artist at Work," can be authoritatively named as being part of the collection, which, as a whole, is said to lean to the Dutch and Flemish schools—art, in short, that is as far removed as possible from the "degenerate" modern styles. One of the first edicts issued by the German military command of the Netherlands, after the invasion, was an order that all government-owned works of art be brought out of their hiding places and reinstalled in the Dutch museums, where, just possibly, the Führer's agents could inspect and appraise them at leisure. All the Nazi "buying," both in the Lowlands and in France (where Otto Abetz is reported to have blossomed forth as an ardent art collector), is being done, of course, with occupation currency, which, since the Germans print it themselves, means buying practically for matches.

The Göring collection, like Hitler's, is reported to be largely Dutch and Flemish. A Berliner named Karl Haberstock, one hears, has acted for some time as Göring's art-purchasing agent. One day last winter, Haberstock presented himself to the Reich's air marshal with a painting, purportedly by one of the Flemish masters, which he suggested the marshal should buy. Göring was pleased with it; the price was right; there remained, then, merely the question of authentication. For this job only one man was truly competent, and that was the elderly Dr. Max Friedländer, the outstanding German authority on Netherlands art, author of the massive "Die altniederländische Malerei," and onetime curator of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin. Friedländer, however, is a Jew, and had long before that time been ousted from his museum position. When Göring and Haberstock decided to turn to him with their problem, he was reported to be in Amsterdam, where he had taken refuge before the war. Accordingly, Haberstock set out for Amsterdam with the picture. When he arrived there, he learned that Friedländer had again been in difficulties; the man had, in fact, been arrested during some crusade of the local Quislings and was at the very moment on a train en route to a concentration camp. This, however, presented no problem to the Nazis. A Jew is a Jew, but a picture expert is a picture expert. Quite unembarrassed, the Berlin dealer kept on the trail. From Amsterdam, a telegram was sent ahead to halt the prison train at a convenient way station. Haberstock rode on to meet it by motor. There, in the station agent's office, the picture was set up against a wall. The venerable

POEM FOR SUNDAY

Expecting it to be more dramatic than usual,
the day nevertheless entered as always,
and no angel appeared, nor anything remarkable.

The town rose late, had coffee,
hurried to church or the less ritual sky,
felt the hypnosis of noon come and go.

Lunch, and the porch later,
with everyone applauding the fierce plane,
though acknowledging the earth much safer.

Father, tangled in the strategy of war,
arranges mighty armies on his map,
while Mother takes her nap.

The girls in their starched dresses
usurp the afternoon. Delicate in blue,
they discuss their dangerous theories of love.

Down the street the schoolboys deploy
across John Somer's lawn, then lunge forward
for the desperate hand-to-hand combat.

And evening comes seriously on,
ending the white hot sunlight of day;
the singing trees become alive with birds.

While in the famous park lovers are at ease,
arm in arm, enclosed by the warm dark sky
and their terrible fantasy of peace.

—NORMAN ROSTEN

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"Quicksand or not, Barclay, I've half a mind to struggle."

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Friedländer, surrounded by guards, was hustled in, placed before the picture, and told what was required of him. He studied the painting briefly, then pronounced it genuine. As a happy ending to the story, it is said that in reward for his services his sentence to the concentration camp was remitted and he was allowed to return to Amsterdam again.

SINCE our own entrance into the war, the flow of paintings to this country has, naturally, been reduced, but it has by no means stopped. France, half in and half out of the Axis, provides a steppingstone; as long as our diplomatic relations with Vichy remain unbroken, it is likely that occasional small shipments will come over through France and Spain to Lisbon. At the moment of writing, one of the most famous paintings in Europe (it is inadvisable at this time to describe it more closely) is reported to be in Lisbon, waiting Clipper space for the trip over. There have been persistent rumors, too, that the Germans are sending confiscated French paintings over here, the proceeds from their sales to be used to provide money for Nazi propagandists and secret agents in this country. One shipment, suspected of being sent for this purpose, was seized by the British in Bermuda some time ago, and certainly for a while New York was swarming with mysterious gentlemen, all purporting to be refugees and all plentifully supplied with pictures for sale. The Bermuda paintings were part of the late Ambroise Vollard's almost matchless collection, amassed during his long and intimate association with Cézanne, Renoir, and other artists of the Impressionist period. Neither the Vollard family nor the New York dealer to whom the shipment was consigned was suspected of being implicated in the Nazi scheme. Vollard, at his death, divided his collection among his heirs; later, some of the pictures reached the Paris market, and, falling into German hands, were passed through a complicated dealer setup designed to mask their real ownership, before being sent here. The paintings are now reported to be sequestered in Canada, for the duration.

As for the mysterious refugees here, few dealers had anything to do with them, partly because they guessed what these men were up to, and partly because they suspected the paintings the refugees had to offer might in many instances be fakes. One of the strange by-products of the movement of art to this country has been to produce a really sizable boom in the manufacture of phony masterpieces. Given the circumstances—the enforced secrecy of many of the authentic refugees and the lack of "pedigree" for many of the paintings they brought over—such an outcome was perhaps inevitable. Not only "old masters" but also paintings of the newer schools, from Impressionists on down to Abstractionists, are being counterfeited in some quantity.

In addition to the big collections and individual masterpieces, real and fake, that have come our way, thousands of pictures have been brought over by modest owners who thread out almost untraceably into our society. Occasionally the pictures arrive without their owners. From time to time, in the Customs shed at Pier 84, North River, the Customs Department auctions off an accumulation of goods shipped from Europe that have gone unclaimed here. Household furnishings, clothing, and occasionally pictures make up the assortment; each shipment represents the belongings of someone who has succeeded in evacuating his possessions but has himself been detained. One such lot was auctioned off this spring. It contained, among a half-dozen paintings of varying merit, a passable landscape by Jan Looten, a minor Dutch painter of the seventeenth century. The shipment had been lying at Pier 84 for some time and was known to be the property of a Jewish doctor in Berlin who had been trying since early in 1939 to escape to this country. Presumably the Nazis caught up with him. The Jan Looten was bid in by a dealer for $450. The other pictures were knocked down in a job lot for considerably less.

—JOSEPHINE GIBBS
and ROBERT M. COATES

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AUTHOR OF WESTERN ROMANCE: Live with me and use my group in your next novel. 4 cowboys, 1 beautiful girl, who lost her cows. P.O. Box 972, Craig, Colorado.—*Adv. in Writer's Digest.*

We wouldn't get any writing done.

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THE THEATRE

BACK AGAIN, BRIEFLY

A FEW years ago, I took a man to a program of two plays, called "Waiting for Lefty" and "Till the Day I Die," by Clifford Odets. My friend, an unbalanced type at best, had been lunching at the Yale Club, and had spent the greater part of the afternoon in that great scientific dairy with agreeable companions, so by the time we got to the theatre his state was enthusiastic but a trifle vague. Nobody certainly could challenge his admiration for Mr. Odets' talent, but somehow his impression was that what he was watching was all the same play, and whatever abrupt shifts there were in theme or locale he put down simply to the vagaries of the artistic mind. In a way, this condition of partial eclipse seemed to me unfortunate, since both of the Odets pieces happened to be excellent and I felt he wasn't getting quite as much out of the evening as he might have. I'm embarrassed to say that I would have had no such misgivings last week at the Belasco when William Saroyan, practically unassisted, put on two strenuous and short-lived fantasies: "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning" and "Talking to You." It would, I suspect, have made very little difference whether the bemused spectator mistook the second of these compositions for a continuation of the first, or the other way round, or simply slept quietly through both of them, like a dormouse.

Saroyan, as Saroyan and a good many other people have pointed out, is a man of considerable talent and high Christian feeling—it is apparently impossible, for instance, for him to recognize the existence of a bore—but he is also the author of some of the most vacant and pretentious nonsense written in our time. "Across the Board" and "Talking to You," in my opinion, must come under this heading, and very close to the top of the class. The first, as nearly as I could make out, was simply a reaffirmation of the author's faith in the essential kindness and beauty of the human race—perhaps a debatable proposition. It involved, among a good deal else, a waiter who came out in front of the curtain and told the audience they were in for a tough evening (not at all a debatable proposition); a young woman symbolically playing a harp on a papier-mâché cliff behind a transparency; and Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, a poet once extremely celebrated in the tabloid press, who read a poem which struck me as regrettable. The action took place in a night club and, in the words of my favorite author, was characteristic of a man who had simply gone out of his way to write a play. This is probably all you need to know about the work called "Across the Board on Tomorrow Morning."

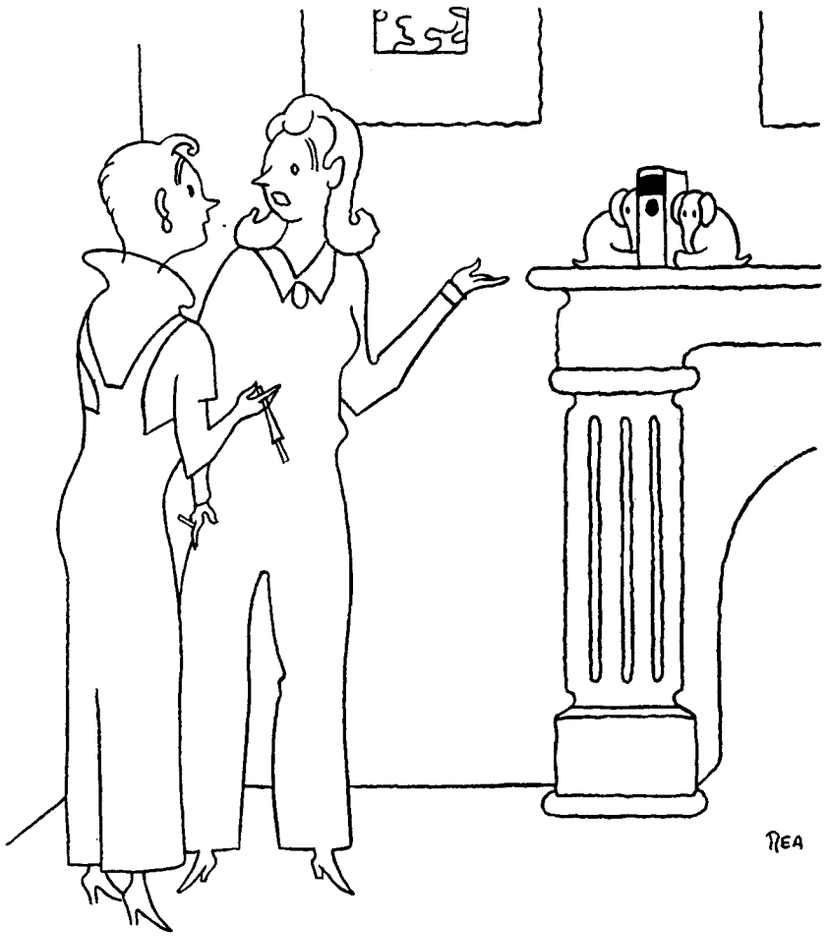
The other play was more intricate and maybe a little better, though not much. In a cellar, rather sparsely furnished with a punching bag, a rocking horse, and a couple of chairs, one met a prize fighter called Blackstone Boulevard, a little deaf boy, a philosophical blind man, a gangster, and a midget. The conversation in this group was not remarkable.

"Can't you see at all?" somebody asked the blind man.

"Only deeply," replied this dismal character in what struck me as one of the more lugubrious remarks of the evening.

The performers were more or less unusual and there was a certain amount of dramatic action, so from time to time you got the impression that Mr. Saroyan had actually written something intended to be produced on a stage. However, except for a characteristically modest and sensible performance by Canada Lee, who appeared in both plays, there was nothing in this production, either, to engage your serious attention.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"But if we gave it to the Victory Book Campaign, what could we put in its place?"

•

The Germans retaliated today with widespread raids over 23 districts of England, dropping bombs at Random and machine gunning the streets of some towns, but the damage done was trivial by comparison with the havoc at Hamburg.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

There'll always be a Random.

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A LOT IN COMMON

ROBERTA BOYCE had asked her husband to get home early from the office, and she was very glad to have him with her now.

"There's that awful feeling," she said, "that nobody will come."

"You have it every time you give a party," Herbert Boyce said. "You know that."

"I guess I do. But maybe, this time . . ." She let her voice trail off. She didn't really feel very worried. After all, it was only five-thirty, and she'd asked people to come at five, which meant that they probably wouldn't arrive until six, anyhow.

"And the awful ones will come first," she said. "Remember the time that terrible Gruber man came at five, promptly, and ate all the caviar sandwiches before anyone else arrived?"

There weren't any caviar sandwiches now, caviar being the price it was, but Roberta eyed the dining room with rather smug satisfaction. There were all kinds of sandwiches, except caviar, under those dampened napkins, she knew. Rolled sandwiches with water cress and tiny squares holding salmon or chicken or tongue. There were also molds of *pâté* and aspic. And pickles and olives and potato chips and cheeses. They were having a Chinese in to help Evelyn, the maid. It's so patriotic to have a Chinese these days, and, besides, they are so honest and serve so nicely. Herbert Boyce was going to mix the Martinis.

"I declare," said Roberta, "I believe you make them better than anybody."

"There's nothing to it." Herbert Boyce's smile couldn't hide his satisfaction. "It's just that folks don't make them dry enough. I used to make them with one-third vermouth and two-thirds gin, and then I began putting in more gin and less vermouth. I guess I use about five or six to one now. Just enough to color 'em."

"Well, folks certainly do drink them down," his wife said.

"You got enough Scotch?"

"Oh, sure. I ordered some last week and we haven't touched it. You've been drinking that awful gin-and-tonic!" She made a wry face.

"Better than those sweet drinks you like."

They laughed as if they'd both said something funny.

"I can tell you, though," Roberta said, "that it's a treat to be giving a cocktail party that isn't *for* something. Everyone was surprised when I asked them. Just a cocktail party. No catch or anything. No donation. No come-on. Nothing to sign or promise. No checks to write. Just a cocktail party."

"Yes, most of them do get you. Not that they aren't all for worthy causes."

"I'm tired of worthy causes," Roberta said. "What with all my war work and everything. And the things you do."

Roberta worked two afternoons each week at an information booth for soldiers and sailors. Boyce had helped with Minute Men pledges and had been one of the first in his office to sign.

"Well," he said, and laughed. "That's all right, but what with the way things are going and taxes and all, they'll be giving a cocktail party for us if we don't watch out."

He was in the advertising business, and though he never brought his business troubles home—didn't believe in it—Roberta knew that he'd lost some of his largest accounts, firms that had stopped a lot of their national advertising on account of the war.

Roberta made a little face. "I'm not worried about *you*," she said. She looked at her wristwatch again. "I do wonder who will be the first, though. And the people I've asked! I hope they'll get along all right. There's that artist Richard knows who made those posters for that Polish or Greek or something aid ball—you know the one. And Irene Batson, who's playing in 'Just We Three.' It will be swell having a real actress who's in a real success and not a lot of hams who are 'resting.' I'm glad she didn't have a matinée today and could come. She's on my committee and couldn't be nicer. And there are two refugees, if you want to call them that."

"Two refugees?"

"Oh, not ones with shawls! One of them is French and *very* rich. She came over with her jewels in a little tobacco sack, they say, though she didn't have any cash at all. But she must have now, because she's stopping at the Pierre. She's coming with Mrs. Flourney. And the other is an Austrian woman who used to be well off, too. I hope they get along all right."

Boyce looked worried for just a moment. "Oh, they'll probably not even meet," he said. "There'll undoubtedly be such a mob."

THE first guest arrived. He was Roger Fisk, who did publicity for one of Boyce's accounts, though Roberta counted him as *her* friend. He sort of walked on his toes and he brought, now, a rather withered little corsage of already yellowing gardenias, which Roberta received with great enthusiasm.

The Chinese admitted two more guests, a man and a girl, at almost the same instant. They'd come up in the elevator together but didn't know each other.

"Isn't that the oddest thing!" said Roberta. "Because *one* of the reasons I'd invited *both* of you was because I wanted you to meet!" You'd have thought that it was very clever of them to have arrived together. The man was slender and had rather a frightened-rabbit expression. The girl was the tweedy, flat-heeled type and didn't seem quite satisfied with the new young man but immediately began looking over his head to see who else was there.

There were other guests in no time at all. The Fred Coburns, very rich and always reported, in the columns, to be separating, but obviously enough not separated at all, though they always quarrelled and managed not too quiet little affairs on the side. And Russel Selvin, with a new girl wearing elaborate Flato jewelry. You felt that Russel saw the ornaments first and didn't bother about the girl. She was certainly less important-looking than her jewels.

And there was Lorene Grey, with two of her impossible young men, one blond and one brunet this time, and *so* well dressed and almost sibilant, and so eager to get Martinis. One of them was talking about the subway. "I declare," he said, "I'll *never* get in one again! I could have taken a bus just as well—I can't afford taxis these days—but I didn't want to keep Lorene waiting. Why, they stuff you in, actually! And the most horrible man, next to me, was getting positively familiar, and I'm not inventing that, either!" He pulled a pure-white handkerchief out of his pocket, patted his brow gently, and put it, still pristine, into his pocket again.

There was a Dutch naval officer, whose ship had been both torpedoed and bombed, and everyone got his status slightly mixed up and didn't understand when he said he was still shipping from here to the West Indies. "But I thought, if Holland was at war—" "Does that mean you belong to the Dutch Navy?" He tried to explain. Cargo. One four-inch gun. Yes, there was a state of war. . . . No one seemed to know just what he was talking about.

Other people came in. Bright young

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An advertisement of Pepsi-Cola Company

"It's the only way we could keep the champagne intact."

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The Savoy-Plaza presents

RENEE DE MARCO
with
JODY HUTCHISON
NORMY LAWRENCE
RANDY SIMONETTE
at dinner and supper in the
CAFE LOUNGE
AND SNACK BAR

ROY ROSS
and his Orchestra
Continuous Dancing and Entertainment
from 5:30 P. M.
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET
Don B. Burger, General Manager

A PENTHOUSE
AT
Parc Vendome

● 7 magnificent rooms, 20 stories above Manhattan • Views of Park, River and Palisades Terraces on three sides • Studio 27 x 17 feet Three airy master chambers and baths • Master dressing room • Maid's room and bath Complete modern kitchen • Gallery and foyer.
● Fireproof, steel and concrete construction . . . housekeeping or full hotel service . . . swimming pool . . . Castleholm restaurant . . . gymnasium . . . gas for cooking free . . . optional maid service.
AN EXCEPTIONAL "BUY"
WM. A. WHITE & SONS EST. 1868
57th STREET
Just West of Broadway
CIRCLE 7-6990

The Starlight Roof

XAVIER CUGAT
CARMEN CASTILLO
MARIO AND FLORIA
THE THREE PITCHMEN
Cover from 10:30, $1
Friday & Saturday, $1.50
MISCHA BORR at Luncheon
...$2 and à la carte... and for
Sunday Dinner-Dancing (No cover)
The Waldorf-Astoria

girls who did advertising and publicity. Bright young men who publicized themselves. People from show business, from shops. People with and without professions. A couple of men in uniforms that didn't fit them very well. A girl in a uniform that fitted her very well indeed, though no one knew just what the uniform stood for.

Irene Batson arrived and, to Roberta's satisfaction, she couldn't have looked smarter. She had on black flat crêpe with just a line of white in it and a big black hat with one of the new floppy crowns. John-Frederics—you could tell that. She was carrying her little dog, a black, miniature French poodle with the very smart Royal Dutch cut that made him look a bit like a well-stuffed footstool. His name was Bimini, and several young men claimed acquaintance with him.

"Look! Bimini!" "Bimini knows me!" "How many fingers have I got up, Bimini?" If in the mood, Bimini was supposed to be able to bark out the number of fingers you held up to him. He turned his head away in disdainful boredom now.

Mrs. Fred Coburn got quite drunk and began to cry, quietly, on Fred's shoulder. That meant it was a good party. If it wasn't a good party, the Coburns left immediately and went on to some smart cocktail lounge for their drinking or crying or quarrelling.

Leona Brintz told about how hard up she was, and Lucile Withers bragged about how well she was doing. They both looked smart and sleek and successful. A little girl, whom no one seemed to know, ate innumerable sandwiches, and those who glanced at her felt that she was doing very well by herself if this was in lieu of dinner.

People talked and drank and purred and scratched. Altogether, it was a very nice party.

The Comtesse du Brisson—at least, that is what Roberta thought was her name—had come in, as scheduled, with the Flourneys. Her hair was very red, her face thin, her nose aquiline and held high. She was wearing emeralds and black opals. Her earrings were long and there was a great green-and-rainbow pin on her black dress.

Mrs. Schwartz, the refugee from Austria, was there too. She too was wearing black, but it had a sort of gray look and hung on her loosely, as if she had lost weight. Her hat was too large and heavy for fashion and she gave the impression of being dumpy, though when you looked at her closely you saw that she wasn't actually fat. She was short and didn't hold herself well and her nose was a bit too broad.

The two women were introduced and stood together at the long table, filled with its sandwiches and nuts and olives and aspics. And they glared at one another.

Roberta was worried. It wasn't as if they glared because they'd been drinking or were in love with the same man or anything like that. She crept close to Herbert, who was just bringing in a fresh supply of Martinis. Maybe there was something he could do. Usually she felt pretty adequate socially. Especially in her own home. But this was serious. Sort of international. Why had she invited them both? What if there was a scene? What if . . .

IRENE BATSON came up to the table, followed by a couple of the young men who knew Bimini so well. With great care, she selected a tiny square of sandwich, opened it, looked at its contents, put it gently on the table, picked up another. This one seemed to satisfy her. From the centre of it she took its filling, two smooth bits of white. She held them out in front of her.

"How many pieces, Bimini?" she asked.

"Bowwow!" answered Bimini, in sharp yips. Irene fed him the bits of sandwich filling.

"He can count up to ten!" someone said. Everyone nodded.

The two foreign women looked at one another. Suddenly their sharp glances changed. They looked at Bimini and at the table, and at the same instant they smiled.

"Chicken for a dog!" said the Comtesse.

"White meat of chicken!" said Mrs. Schwartz. They looked at each other again and their laughter rose above those who were applauding Bimini's cleverness.

Roberta looked up at Herbert and caught his eye.

"See," she whispered. "Everybody's having a good time! Look at that French woman and the refugee from Austria, laughing together."

"Yes, they've evidently found a lot in common," said her husband.

—THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

•

Arthur R. Maytum and Robert Maytum have returned from the summer with her parents, the up-state New York telephone convention.—*Dunkirk (N.Y.) Evening Observer.*

A dear old couple, as everyone knows.

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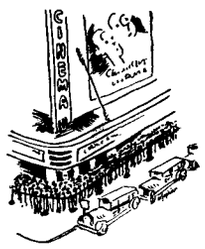
THE CURRENT CINEMA

You'll Dream of Jeanie

EITHER Jean Arthur is one of those stars who have achieved the privilege of not making pictures any oftener than they care to, like Garbo and Hepburn and Max Baer, or else she is such a honey that her layoffs seem longer than they actually are. Anyhow, when she does turn up, it is an occasion for carnival with *danses du ventre*. And in case there are malcontents for whom Miss Arthur is not enough, her latest film, "The Talk of the Town," also has Cary Grant and Ronald Colman, writing by Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman, and production and direction by George Stevens.



Furthermore, one phase of the plot makes a strong bid for the labor vote. Mr. Grant, as Leopold Dilg, a factory worker, is falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is harbored by a girl named Nora Shelley (Miss Arthur), who has a vague, womanly notion that he is innocent. Then he runs into one Michael Lightcap (Mr. Colman), a vacationing jurist who has no such notion, or if he has, regards it as irrelevant to the fact that this Dilg is wanted by the police. However, he is persuaded to forget his dogmatic legal outlook and not turn the fellow in, and therein lies the picture's special appeal to another group—the Humanists. Everything comes out all right in the end, and therein lies the appeal to practically everybody. Jean Arthur is really all that's necessary, though. Besides being a nice little number, she is able to handle comedy without resorting to dementia, a rare gift in these lean cinematic times. Another girl in the film who hasn't been omnipresent lately is Glenda Farrell. She does very well in a minor rôle as a susceptible manicurist. Then there's Rex Ingram, too, who has a small part as a concession to Rex Ingram fans.

CLARK GABLE, now appearing in "Somewhere I'll Find You," is probably on the market for the last time in quite a while, having in the past fortnight shaved his upper lip and joined the Army. On the screen he is a war correspondent, of the sort that tears the guts out of the presses with his dynamic prose and pulls off more scoops than a steam shovel. He spends a lot of man-hours, however, in elemental poses with Lana Turner, whose career as a girl reporter is equally restricted by the same sort of hobby. There is little time for work when these two get together and begin to exploit their respective physical graces, and just as little for acting, for that matter. As for the background to this monomania, it shifts from New York to Indo-China to the Philippines, winding up with the defense of Bataan, but the realism of the topical scenery is marred, for one thing, by the fact that Mr. Gable never sets finger to typewriter. In the middle of the siege of Bataan, he finds a Filipino to dictate to.

THERE'S considerably more reality in "Wake Island," which for that reason is sturdier stuff, though less splendid in its accessories. It's got Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, Macdonald Carey, and Barbara Britton, and even the last of these offers a minimum of sex appeal, being on hand for only a minute or two at the beginning of the picture. Almost all the action takes place on the island, where women were not among the fauna. In fact, Marines were just about all there was until the Japs came along, and after that, as the film faithfully records, there was no more of even them. Paramount in no way softens this ending, handsomely assuming that its public has read the papers and can even stand some further details about what was unquestionably a rough episode. —DAVID LARDNER

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Master's Report in the case of Sauer v. Sauer, Pennsylvania*]

Libellant testified that the family relationship was of the best until such a time as his wife started to run around with other men. . . . Libellant would ask her to stop these actions but she refused to do so. She would go out with a man and come home when she felt like it. . . . Usually she came home quite late, most of the times she would not get home until about daylight. She drank and came home drunk, especially when she was out with another man. . . . A week before the separation occurred, she brought this man home with her and kept him there for a week. At the end of that week she just told him she was leaving. She took her things and left with this other man, who, at the present time, is in the Army. Libellant said that the marriage did not seem to be a success and his wife did not care.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE

1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO

For Instance . . .

. . . during the battle of Midway the men in the radio room of an American aircraft carrier got a chuckle. They overheard two very excited Japanese talking—and they didn't sound happy . . .
(news item)

. . . there were 81 enemy bombers—swarms of fighters above and below . . .
. . . when they were spotted the call went out over the radio—
. . . the Marines piled into them.
(news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news — you'll find it in the air — on the ground — and at home!

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four *great* industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH *LONG DISTANCE* RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

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A REPORTER IN AUSTRALIA

BUT WHERE ARE THE KANGAROOS?

MANY of the soldiers in the expeditionary force to Australia, of which I am a member, arrived at that distant continent expecting to be met at a primitive wharf by aborigine porters on kangaroos. This misconception existed because, in many of the conversations we held while approaching Australia, we had dwelt on its more unusual features, talking expectantly of boomerangs, platypuses, and the like, and never bothering to take into serious consideration the possibility that we might encounter a substantially familiar civilization, even if spelled "civilisation." In the light of these anticipations, some of the men's first impressions were rather anticlimactic. The pier at which we drew up would have passed muster in any self-respecting American seaport and it was populated wholly by fully clad white officials riding around prosaically in motor vehicles. Some of the cars, to be sure, were propelled by charcoal burners lashed to their bumpers or running boards, but this wartime exigency wasn't particularly startling to us, since, even from the meagre reports we had received of events back home, it seemed not unlikely that some New Yorkers were using charcoal burners, too.

Our first Australian acquaintances were a few of the local soldiers—who, we soon learned, should informally be called "diggers"—stationed at the dock to help us unload. They were so friendly and so eager to exchange souvenirs that we were embarrassed, feeling that we should have more fully provisioned ourselves with tradable trinkets. They marvelled at the amount and variety of our equipment, asked us how much we got paid, and told us the current price of beer. We gathered around them and egged them on to talk, enchanted by their strange, occasionally incomprehensible manner of speech. Australians, though separated by thousands of miles from their mother country, show a blithe, imperial disregard for the tonal qualities of vowels. One of the diggers had a local newspaper with him and left it on board. It was an eight-page edition printed in small type, conservation of space obviously being among its editorial policies. The lead story was printed on the upper left rather than the upper right corner of the front page, perhaps in keeping with the British custom of driving on the left side of the road. The paper hospitably carried several paragraphs of news under the heading of "HOME NEWS FOR U.S. FORCES," a department that catholically contained not only production reports from American armament factories and baseball scores but also such home news as the fact that a total of three hundred frogs had been entered in an annual frog-jumping event in California. From the rest of the paper I judged that Australia's war effort did not allow for the matching of talented frogs. Almost the entire paper was devoted to war news. There was a column of memorial notices inserted by families of Australian soldiers. We learned from it that the Australian abbreviation for private is not "pvt." but "pte." We learned from other sections of the paper that partial blackouts, nightly occurrences throughout much of the continent, are called brownouts and that families inserting birth notices almost invariably refer to an arriving girl as "a bonny daughter" and usually render public tribute to the doctors and hospital staffs who assist in the delivery of a child of either sex. The advertisements indicated that the amount of each item the shops could sell was restricted and that their quotas were generally exhausted within an hour or two of their opening their doors. One department store advertised solemnly that the visit of a distinguished corset fitter to its premises would be her last for the duration. Perhaps the day of our convoy's arrival will be remembered by Australian women

"What a pity! Mr. Grogan took it on the lam not more than five minutes ago."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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with intractable figures as the beginning of the end.

WE were the first American troops to land at what we were all carefully advised to start calling "somewhere in Australia," a geographical evasion which, after you have inscribed it at the head of several letters home, makes you begin to feel like a character in a communiqué. Because we were a novelty and at the same time a kind of sea-borne manna, we were received with both curiosity and affection. We were quartered at an Australian Army camp in a pleasant rural setting, and local press photographers, though not permitted to disclose our precise location, called on us at once and took numerous pictures which were published over guarded but enthusiastic captions. The newspapers ran charts of our insignia to prevent civilians from inadvertently insulting a master sergeant by referring to him as a private first class, along with feature stories telling how we reacted to Australian customs and Australian coffee, to the second of which our reaction was often unquotably unsympathetic. The reporters who came out to visit us seemed disappointed on the whole that their country didn't strike us as being especially strange, and they brightened perceptibly whenever a soldier asked them how long it would be before he saw his first kangaroo.

The Australian winter begins in June, of course, and it was quite cold when we arrived at our tin-sided, unheated barracks, which are called "huts" in this region. Upon reaching a new location, soldiers immediately look for a place to eat and a place to sleep. We trooped hungrily into a mess hall even before we had examined our barracks, and stuffed ourselves with Australian cheese, which some boys who came from Wisconsin graciously acknowledged to be nearly equal to the home product. Then we dug up some burlap sacks, carried them over to a haystack conveniently situated only a few hundred yards from our huts, and made ourselves some serviceable if lumpy mattresses. We were then all settled. A short while afterward our infantry columns began marching out into the countryside on conditioning hikes to harden up leg muscles slackened by inactivity at sea, and our jeeps clattered up the roads, the drivers swerving self-consciously as they suddenly remembered that they were driving on the wrong side.

We began to realize how far from home we were when we found out that none of the movies playing at the camp

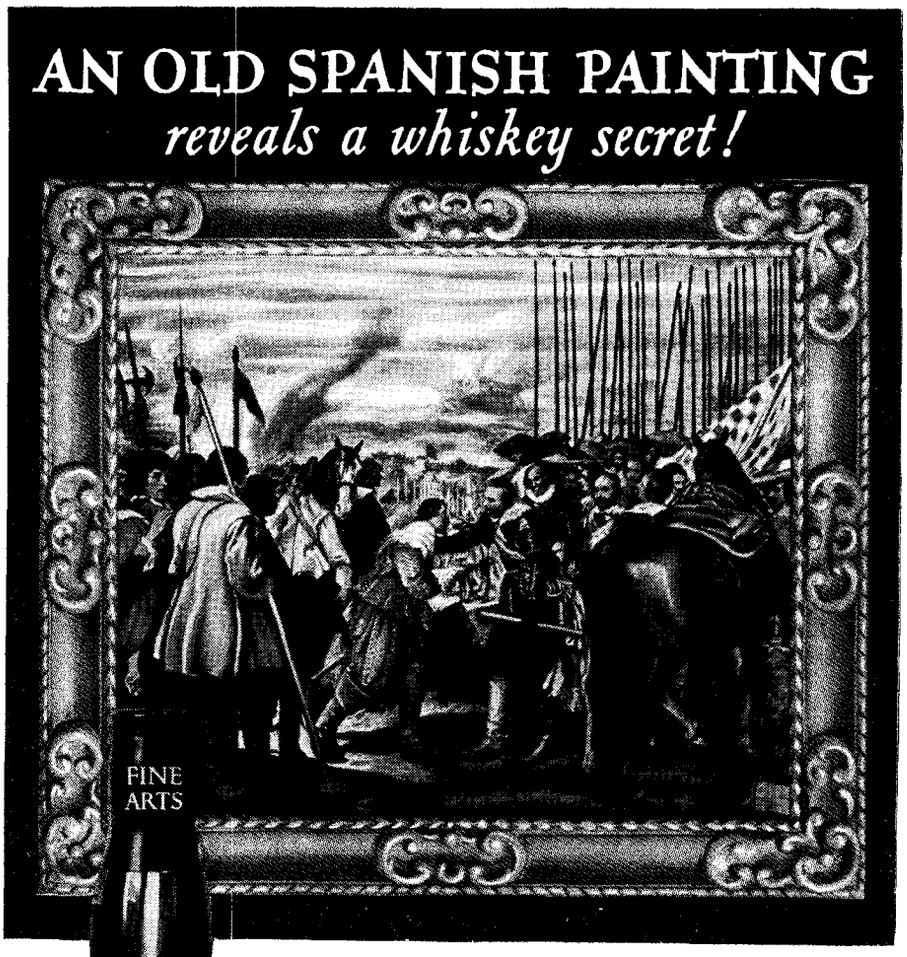
STEP 1. *Crayon sketch carefully drawn in sepia tones on a lightly tinted background.*

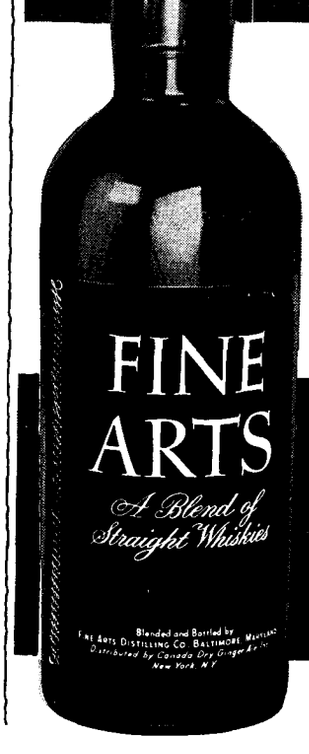
STEP 2. *Composition of picture then constructed on drawing with tempera colors.*

STEP 3. *Details are developed by painting over tempera underpainting with oil colors.*

STEP 4. *Glazes are used to heighten and enrich painting and subtly blend colors.*

AN OLD SPANISH PAINTING
reveals a whiskey secret!





HOW VELASQUEZ created this matchless canvas, "Surrender of Breda," by *blending* tones which naturally heighten each other is illustrated above, in the master's style, by Morris Kantor, noted contemporary artist.

Velasquez' superb tone *blending* discloses how another masterpiece, Fine Arts Whiskey, is achieved . . . by *blending* several whiskies which complement each other. Each is perfect by itself. Together they create one matchless whiskey!

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FINE ARTS
A Blend of 5 year old
Straight Whiskies
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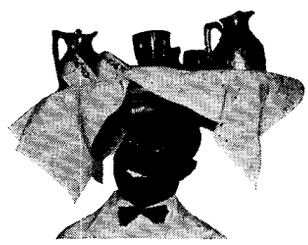
SEPTEMBER AT
THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



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HOTEL Warwick
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theatre, which featured American pictures, were less than a year old. Most of us had seen the pictures, but so long ago that we had forgotten what they were all about and were perfectly willing to be reënlightened. The first time I went to the theatre, the picture showing was "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello's earliest invasion of the military sphere. I had forgotten what a delectably fictional slice of camp life it depicted, with lovely hostesses assigned to every service club and the Andrews Sisters on hand to hum juke-box favorites at the drop of an overseas cap. Some Australian soldiers in the audience, dumfounded by the revelations on the screen, muttered enviously that our lives in camps back home must have been sybaritic indeed. Their confusion was nothing, however, compared to that of many American soldiers at the end of the show. They stood up respectfully upon hearing the first chords of what they assumed was "America" and were taken aback to find the music illustrated on the screen by a picture of George VI. A couple of Australian soldiers whispered informatively, " 'God Save the King.' " Complete international order was thereupon established with the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," appropriately accompanied by the faces, in succession, of General MacArthur and President Roosevelt.

We spent most of the off hours we had in camp hanging around the barracks or patronizing the Australian canteens, which, until our own opened up to sell the stocks we had brought with us, did a thriving business among the Americans, who made their first purchases out of curiosity and then kept coming back for more. The Australian sergeants working behind the counters were staggered by the Americans' demand and capacity for milk, which cost only threepence, or a little less than a nickel, for a sizable bottle. In the absence of Coca-Cola and other soft drinks we had grown up on, we turned to ginger beer and lemon or orange squash, sold for sixpence in quart bottles with rubber stoppers. Our favorites among all the Australian delicacies were meat pasties, which, once we had determined that they were not typographical errors, we accepted as tasty local versions of chop suey, enveloped in pie crust. Many soldiers, after making a purchase, on their first trips to the Australian canteens, would simply extend a handful of Australian coins they had previously received as change for American bills and trustingly invite the countermen to remove as much as they wanted. It didn't take the soldiers long, however, to become thoroughly acquainted with Australian currency and aware of their proper obligations to the last ha'penny. American currency practically went out of circulation. We received our wages (including a twenty-per-cent bonus for being on overseas service) in Australian money, and in the gambling that inevitably followed this disbursement it soon became apparent that the era of the quarter as the standard unit in military games of chance was over. It had been supplanted by the florin, a coin of approximately the same size, worth two shillings, or about thirty-three cents. This departure from the norm was received without complaint by all except the losers, who soon found to their dismay that each time they dropped six florins at the pace with which they would formerly have squandered half a dozen quarters, they were out not a dollar and a half but two dollars.

IF the Australians influenced our lives by imposing their monetary system upon us, we influenced theirs, too. Not long after we had disembarked, one of the daily newspapers in our vicinity carried an advertisement for a medicated skin soap in which a young lady whose complexion, from one photograph to another, had miraculously improved was being complimented thereupon by a young man. "Say, honey," he was exclaiming, "even in the States they don't come prettier than you!" Like most of the male models in contemporary Australian advertising—and like most of the males in Australia today—he was wearing a uniform, in this particular case the uniform of an American technical sergeant.

Australian women do not differ from American ones in their susceptibility to flattery, but they seem far more interested in the companionship of the American soldier, and are constantly contriving to remove buttons from his uniform as remembrances. Dances are frequently held in the towns near our camp, and a considerable number of the girls who attend them show up in evening dresses. This formal touch, we learned, signified merely that the Australian ladies did not want to be seen dancing in cotton stockings, or no stockings. They can't get silk, but they aren't grumbling, of course, as long as they

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In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
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A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband"
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ALL SEATS RESERVED!
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B'way at 51st • Circle 7-5545 • Air-Conditioned
3 Performances Saturday & Sunday 2:30, 5:30 & 8:45 • TWICE DAILY MON. THRU FRI. 2:45 & 8:45
Prices inc. Tax, WEEK-DAY MATS 83c to $1.10 • Sat. & Sun. Mats $1.10 to $1.65 • All Eves. $1.10 to $2.20

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
GARY COOPER
IN
THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES
(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)
Air-Cooled ASTOR Popular Prices
B'way & 45th Street Cont. from 9:30 A.M. Midnite Shows

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

SERVICE MEN
On furlough in New York City and vicinity may obtain admissions to many
BROADWAY STAGE PLAYS AND FIRST RUN MOTION PICTURES
through
New York Defense Recreation Comm.
99 Park Avenue New York City

aren't visited by the people who grow it.

The hospitality of the average Australian toward the American soldier is extraordinary. Australians seem to consider it an honor to entertain us in their homes and to greet us cordially on the streets. One soldier, who in the United States had never known the pleasures of fame, was agreeably astonished when, on walking down an avenue in a nearby town, three small boys separately approached him and requested his autograph. Whenever we receive passes and go into town, we usually run into some civilians who want to be kind to us. The other day a middle-aged lady, getting off a train at the same station with a friend of mine and myself, asked us where we were going, and when we said we were planning to walk to our camp, twelve miles away, unless someone came by and gave us a lift, she insisted that we come to her house first. "Can't leave without a spot of tea, y'know," she said. She proceeded to give us a spot of tea, meat pasties, cake, bread, and jam, and to ask us to come and stay at her place whenever we were around and in need of a bed. She had two sons in Syria.

AT the end of the first month in Australia, none of us had seen a kangaroo except a couple of soldiers who had gone to a zoo and inspected one sulking in a cage. We hadn't seen any aborigines or boomerangs or platypuses, either, and had concluded that this continent was a normal, satisfactory one, though in an absurdly out-of-the-way spot for mail service from home. All in all, we were probably no more disappointed at not finding the unnatural wonders we had anticipated than an Australian soldier would be on going to the States, walking into a saloon, and not finding a single customer in a ten-gallon hat shooting his girl's initials into the bar mirror. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

D. C. Lee, official on the local project, said the new factory would require the hiding of more than 350 Baltimore people to bring the personnel to the same level as that at Long Island.—*Cumberland (Md.) Evening Times.*

Worth the try, anyway.

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Utica Daily Press*]

FOUND—Large black and white male dog, very pleasant. Small black and white female, young—both picked up at the Busy Corner. Dr. Chynoweth, Broadway.

MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW"—*Winchell*

MY SISTER EILEEN
Eves. (exc. Sun.) 8:40—$1.65, $1.10, 55c
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—$1.10, 55c
NOW at Air-Conditioned
MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45 St. West of 8 Ave. Tel. CI 6-6363

"Buoyant, Giddy & Funny" —*Atkinson, Times*
JUNIOR MISS
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LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat. 2:40. No Perf. Mon.

THE CRITICS' PRIZE PLAY
John C. Wilson *presents*
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
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"HANDSOME, ROWDY & FUNNY" —*Watts, Herald Tribune*
MICHAEL TODD'S
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Staged by HASSARD SHORT
BOBBY CLARK • GYPSY ROSE LEE
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Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

"One of the greatest musical shows ever produced." Watts, Her.-Trib.
Uncle Sam presents
IRVING BERLIN'S
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THIS IS THE ARMY
Evs. Inc. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. & Sun. Proc. Army Relief
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OLSEN & JOHNSON
in
SONS O' FUN
"Craziest succession of laughs ever . . ." —LIFE
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Mats. SAT. & SUN. $1.10—$2.75. 2 SHOWS SUNDAY

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50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
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Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
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STARS ON ICE
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America's Only Ice Theatre
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No Monday Perf. Always Comfortably Cool
Extra Perfs.: Mat. Sept. 3 and Mat. & Eve., Sept. 7

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with LAURA HOPE CREWS & ERICH von STROHEIM
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
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SHEPARD TRAUBE, in association With Alexander H. Cohen, presents
ANGEL STREET
By PATRICK HAMILTON
VINCENT PRICE · JUDITH EVELYN · LEO G. CARROLL
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE first surprise blackouts in and about New York made it apparent that preparations for future ones have got to be more than a matter of talk, window-shopping, and good intentions. The three out of five families who were caught good and proper and had to sit without lights while all household activities ceased were more sharply reminded than the rest, of course, that blackouts—just plain blackouts, whatever the reason for their being ordered—are no joke, and even those who, because of foresight, were able to ride out the periods of darkness in comparative comfort seem to be realizing now that being prepared for blackouts is after all only the first step toward being prepared for the McCoy, or, in words of one syllable, air raids.

So-called home-defense departments, hastily installed in some of the shops after December 7th, unfortunately have done their share, by means of displays of gimcrack merchandise obviously designed to capitalize on public jitters, to arouse skepticism toward the whole matter of preparedness. Even fairly down-to-earth collections are still guilty of showing such things as fire-fighting implements made of wood, which do not enjoy any kind of official approval, and no wonder; complicated bomb-scoops which won't do a thing that any ordinary shovel can't; and fancy little oil lamps which are dignified by being called Blackout Lights but actually are no improvement whatever on the familiar and far less expensive lamps that Sears, Roebuck and every suburban hardware shop always have on hand. If you can overlook foolery of this sort, however, you'll find that the manufacturers have also come through with a number of devices which look as if they should be worth having on hand, although it ought to be kept in mind that a flight of enemy bombers over the city might drastically revise prevailing ideas on all such matters.

MACY'S display, which is built around one of those arched air-raid shelters for the home (it's made of strong timber, sleeps two adults and a child, is supposed to bear up under ten tons of debris, and costs $134), includes one of the Victory Bomb Snuffers you may have been hearing about. This is a heavy metal box with a handle on top and a sliding bottom panel, something on the order of an inverted popcorn-popper. You're supposed to tackle an incendiary bomb with it by sliding the panel back, clapping the box down on top of the thing, and shoving the panel to again, thus scooping up the bomb, which can then be hustled off to some safe dumping spot. The price of the snuffer is $12.49, and it might be just the thing for people who are incurably nervous about spraying chemicals around. Also at Macy are some good, simple, long-handled shovels, which ought to do as well as any of the special scoops you'll come across; at less than a dollar, they're good investments for households too urban to have bothered with any sort of shovel up to now. As you might expect of Macy, the shop is also equipped with about every known variety of luminous tape and button for marking strategic points around your home. Among innumerable lights which are independent of power systems, there's one, just about the simplest of all, that looks like what I want—a thick ten-inch candle fitted into a glass cylinder as tall as itself; its life expectancy is a hundred and sixty-eight hours, and it should be a good thing to have around

"But isn't there some sort of <u>mock</u> gin?"

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a country house at any time, war or no war. Sixty-four cents.

IN the basement at Hammacher Schlemmer, there's another large and worth-while batch of blackout and air-raid equipment. A feature of this display is an air-raid shelter that is made, so they insist, to fit snugly into a living room. Candidly, I don't know what kind of living room the designer had in mind, as the shelter is a huge thing which looks far more like an oversized and extraordinarily well-made packing box than the table its makers like to think it resembles. It is, however, beyond question a sturdy shelter and a fairly roomy one, too, as it is six feet long by three feet wide and is high enough for you to sit up in it. I imagine this would be better off in a game room or something like that, where its flat top might serve a number of utilitarian purposes. The price is $155.

Along with most of the stores that carry such things, Hammacher Schlemmer have given a great deal of attention to equipment for getting the best of incendiary bombs and the fires they start. For bombs, the shop recommends a chemical called (sorry!) Cen-D-Out, which comes in a cardboard tube that seems easy to handle and is long enough to keep a reassuring distance between you and the object of your attention. The favorite water-dispenser here is a steel stirrup pump with twenty-five feet of hose and a nozzle that can be fixed to provide either a mist spray or a direct jet, so you're ready for anything. It's $9.95, and looks as if it would last forever. Completing the grim picture, they offer glare- and shatterproof goggles to protect your eyes, and asbestos-backed shields of galvanized metal ($2.75), behind which to crouch while you are engaged in extinguishing your bomb.

They've stocked up on Sterno stoves of every description, too, and feel that one of these should be required equipment for every blackout room, the soothing powers of a nice, hot pot of soup being inestimable under trying conditions. Their luminous paint comes in ninety-eight-cent jars and can be shellacked over so that it won't wash off when the woodwork is being cleaned. Furthermore, they have one of the best battery-powered lanterns I've seen anywhere. It has a metal case, a plastic lens, and two lights—one for general illumination and the other a penetrating searchlight beam; $3.90.

Above the basement, this store seems as peaceful and innocent-looking as

from our Young-Timers new fall Collection

"Over-all Topper"
season-in, season-out classic...
100% woolen...
black, brown or foliage green
with beige stitching.
$35

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Fourth Floor

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THE NEW YORKER,
25 WEST 43RD STREET,
NEW YORK CITY

Please enter my subscription to your magazine for ☐ 1 YEAR—$6.00 ☐ 2 YEARS—$9.00. My remittance is enclosed.

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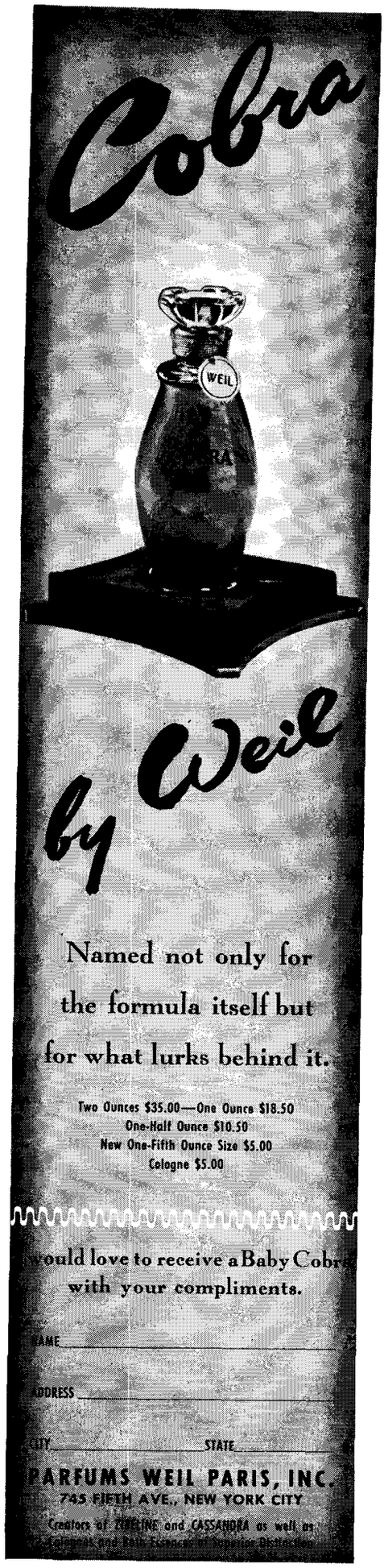

ever, though the salespeople are hardly less war-conscious than those downstairs. I looked, for example, at a new knife rack called (here's another) the Kler-Vue, which has a panel of glass to cover the blades, protecting them from atmospheric perils, and it was emphasized to me that this is an invaluable contrivance now when good knives must be made to last; ditto for a knife-sharpener that clamps to the table edge, is worked by a crank, and supposedly won't wear blades down to any great degree. My feeling is that both would be good, sound items of household equipment at any time. The rack is $2.95; the sharpener $3.

THOSE miraculous, electrically heated, thermostat-controlled blankets, made by General Electric, are around again in limited quantities and, now that summer is getting on and there is the prospect of a fuel shortage next winter, may seem to you a better investment than they did in the spring, when they were last available. They cost $36.25 at Bloomingdale, Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger, McCreery, and Wanamaker. —B. B.

• •

SEE YOUR PLACE FROM THE SKY

It's good to see the thing you love
From air and nothing, high above,
To look at where you eat and woo
The way a sharp-eyed god might do.

I have done it under a wing,
Seen my place as one small thing,
Seen all my farm with the whole sun
Making all its bright parts one.

The field I lived in one whole day
When I was a boy at play
Was only the brocaded cloth
On the brief wing of a moth.

The bays that I had thought so deep
Were azure pastures with small sheep
Of white boats nuzzling at white spume,
Poking their noses into bloom.

All swiftness slowed up to a creep,
Nothing restless, nothing steep,
No hills, no valleys, nothing hid,
Paths opened and showed me all I did.

The road I walked one bitter night
Was no more than a strip of light,
And there was only a gentle tree
Where once vast darkness leaned on me.

There was the place I was begot,
Open as ever a small child's thought;
There was the grove where I met love,
As open as an empty glove.

There were the hills my young son ran
On his way up to be a man,
And they were nothing but two green
Carpets with thin trees between.

Nothing was hidden, nothing dark,
There was my house, a burning spark,
And I went quiet as a hawk
Floating above all sin and talk.

Ride over your homestead, Everyman!
Ride over it high as ever you can.
See how the sun, the impartial sun,
Makes love and pain and sorrow one.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

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NOTES ON SPORTS

Interlude

THE little gymkhana that was staged between the halves of the doubleheader which the Yankees and the Senators played for Army and Navy relief at the Stadium last Sunday went off well, in spite of a couple of features that must have been kind of embarrassing to the performers. One of the events was a fungo-batting contest between three New York and three Washington pitchers, each contestant getting three swings, with distance as the object. Pitchers are somewhat more likely to be expert with a fungo than they are with an ordinary bat, which is not very expert, but a fungo, being a thinner and more delicate instrument, is not always easy to bring under control the first three times you wave it. Some of the boys used up their tries on grounders and infield flies and shuffled off the field with a sort of hangdog air. Another event was a marksmanship test for catchers, in which the idea was to throw the ball from the plate into a barrel on second base. Only two or three throws out of about thirty actually went into the barrel, and there is undoubtedly something the least bit unnerving about aiming at a thing and missing it in front of seventy thousand people, no matter how tough the target may be. The fact is, of course, that in the ordinary line of duty a catcher aims at an object more helpful than a barrel, and an additional fact is that in this contest the majority of the misses were by no more than a few inches.

There was probably nothing embarrassed, on the other hand, about George Case, the Washington outfielder who was a heavy favorite on the morning line to win the sixty-yard dash, and did so by a length and a half. Nor about George Herman Ruth, who was co-star of the whole extravaganza with Walter Johnson, the former Washington fireballist. The Babe was called upon merely to hit a couple into the stands, which is a perfectly reasonable demand to make of a home-run king, and a couple was just what he hit. Johnson must have felt at home on the pitching mound, too, since the infield positions behind him were empty during this exhibition, which is what they might just as well have been for all the support he used to get on some of the Washington clubs he worked for.

THERE seems at this writing to have been no truth in the report published last week to the effect that Bill Terry of the New York Giants will replace L. S. MacPhail in command of the Brooklyn Dodgers, if L. S. goes to war. It's a shame that such a rumor had to be exploded, because it certainly was a joy to think about while it lasted. To what would the loyal Dodger rooters remain loyal? To their team and the ideal of internal unity, no matter how improbable, or to the honored Brooklyn folk-custom of molding wax figures of Terry and giving them the hotfoot?

RAY ROBINSON, the welterweight boxer who has for some time been growing to resemble Joe Louis in more ways than color, took another step in the same direction last Friday when he drew and quartered one Reuben Shank in less than two rounds. Robinson's ring manners—his quick compliance with an order from the referee, his impassivity, and even the way he carries his shoulders—have been a lot like Louis's all along, and now that he has also taken up the practice of sending the customers home in the early part of the evening, the two are getting to be practically indistinguishable. Shank was almost, though not quite, a parallel to Johnny Paychek, who came out of his corner against Louis with his knees colliding and his chin almost groping for Louis's right hand. Shank landed a couple of his own at the start of the second round, but from there on he modelled himself after the other fellow in every important detail. Maybe he was influenced by the fact that just about as many gags have been written about his earlier career as a cowboy as there used to be based on Paychek's name.

ARE YOU STAGGERED BY THE FACT THAT: The California State Teachers College, which has just given up football, is located in Pennsylvania? You're not? —D. L.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Farrel III, of Woodbridge, announce the birth of a daughter, Lisa, June 25 in the New Haven hospital. This is their child.—*New Haven Journal-Courier.*

Swell!

When you want an eating experience, ask

Lucius Beebe

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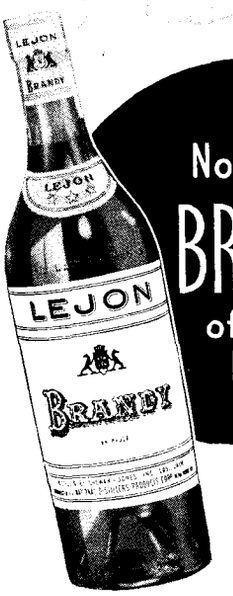
Consort with epicures and gourmets! Know where to dine! Lucius Beebe, famed columnist, will correspond with you. Write him for recommended eating places, and receive a personally signed letter answering your questions. Address Lucius Beebe, Room 2453 120 Broadway, New York City.



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84 Proof LEJON

HARTLEY Sherry with a dry, nutty flavor

A unique American Sherry which will remind you of travel and great occasions. Ask for it in finer places.

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SOPHIE HALENCZIK FINDS A WAY

DURING the several months I spent in Washington on some temporary government work, Fridays in the war-crowded capital seemed particularly desolate, because I realized that if I had been at home in Connecticut, Sophie would be coming to clean our house.

I sent her several picture postcards, among them one of the Lincoln Memorial and one of the Washington Monument. "I like the Lincoln picture," she said in a letter dictated to her eleven-year-old granddaughter, Dolores. "It look like him. The Washington picture I do not understand. Where is the face?"

To give her the "face" of the Father of His Country, I sent Sophie a postcard reproduction of a painting showing the marriage of George Washington to Martha Custis. She liked that. "They look like a nice, old-fashion couple," she dictated. "That Martha, she look like she make a good wife for him."

There was a great deal in town news and town gossip I had to catch up with when I returned, but though Sophie answered my questions, it was not with her usual loquacity. Something was wrong. Knowing Sophie, I realized that I would have to work around to it. Sophie never blurts out an important fact or bit of news; she leads up to it with affected casualness and sometimes, at the very climax of her narrative, will retreat with deliberate strategy. I asked about Mary, her oldest daughter; about Dolores; about Irene, her second daughter, and Irene's baby; and about Annie, the youngest, who works in a beauty parlor. The reports about all were prosaically good. Frankie I saved for the last, for he is his mother's darling. Now that he is a soldier, he has given Sophie the precious status of an American war mother.

"And Frankie?" I asked finally. "What do you hear of him?"

Sophie's eyes, as she raised them to me, were dark with unhappy confusion. "Oh, that Frankie!" she said, and I knew, then, the core of the trouble.

"Is he still at Camp Lee?"

She shook her head. "No. Frankie is now in Australia. For three months already."

"But that's war, Sophie," I said lamely. "You're one of many American mothers who—"

She did not let me finish. "Sure," she said. "I know he have to fight. That make me sad, but it make me proud, too." Tears gathered in her eyes.

"What is it then, Sophie?"

"Maybe you call it a war romance. But it is not a war romance like you can put in the *Gazette*, with a picture."

Sophie loves the *Gazette*, our town's weekly newspaper. Twice Sophie's picture has appeared in it—when Frankie went to camp and later, when our town discovered that Sophie had raised the money to bring four refugees over to this country from her Nazi-conquered native Czecho-Slovakia, and was taking care of them. To her, the *Gazette* is the New York *Times*, the *Social Register*, the Bible, and *True Story* rolled into one. Best of all she loves the little items about local boys who have married local girls before going off to war.

"You mean he's married someone who doesn't live here?" I asked, shooting wildly.

She shook her head. "No. Not like that. He marry nobody. But soon, next month, there is a baby."

"Oh," I said, "it's like that."

I REALIZED the situation wasn't pleasant for Sophie, but still her obvious anguish seemed out of character. She usually accepts the deviations of human relationships with philosophic calm. When her oldest daughter, Mary, had borne a child who could not claim a legal father, Sophie thought it unfortunate, but she wept no needless tears over it. It was Mary's child who had written Sophie's little notes to me, and Sophie's pride in the little girl's accomplishments was prodigious.

The tears she was shedding over Frankie's adventure were therefore disconcerting. Frankie, clothed in an Army uniform, represented to her the ideals of democracy, the achievement of equality of the foreign-born with those who had been fortunate enough to be fathered in this country. I was searching for words that would bring comfort to her when she said, "She say it is Frankie's baby. How do I know?"

"How about some coffee, Sophie?" I suggested, feeling this was something that needed more careful examination and discussion than could be carried on between dustings and polishings. When we were both seated at the kitchen table with our cups of coffee, I asked who the girl was.

"He meet her when he is at camp," Sophie answered. "We learn about it just before he go to Australia. She come on a Sunday, all the way from Virginia. We all home—all the girls, I mean. She knock, she ask for me, Mrs. Halenczik, and when she see me and the house inside, she laugh. You know, kind of wild, not happy. And then she say, first thing, 'So he was telling the truth, the bastard.'" Sophie's eyes sought mine in dumb apology for her language. "That what she say. Is not a nice way to begin. No?"

"No," I agreed. "What did she mean?"

"She mean Frankie," Sophie answered simply, and the way she said it indicated that she was in total agreement with the girl. "Her name is Margie—Margie Nelson. She used to work in a coffee pot near the camp. She look very nice, red hair and blue eyes. Frankie is crazy about red hair."

"Lots of men are," I said.

"Yeah." Sophie nodded. "That is the trouble. Frankie want to make a hit with her to take her away from the other soldiers what come to the coffee pot, so he tell her he is rich. He tell her his mother have a big house and a big farm in the country, with cows and chickens and horses. Me!" Sophie took a mouthful of coffee and looked unhappily at me over the rim of her cup. "Big house and farm! We have three acres and forty chickens," she informed me, with bitter emphasis.

"But Sophie," I said, "what did she mean when she said he was telling the truth?"

"That was before," she explained. "First he tell her he is rich and then, when he find out she is in trouble, he tell her I go out working, cleaning houses. He tell her all about the family and the house and the three acres and the forty chickens. And she don't believe him. She think he is trying to get out of it."

"You mean she—well—fell in love with Frankie because she thought he was rich?"

Sophie clasped her hands together on the table before her and I could see the knuckles grow white as she tensed them. "I don't know what she think. She is pretty mad. She say all her life she want to live in the country. And when Frankie tell her all those things about cows and horses and chickens, it is wonderful to her. But Frankie is a fool. Because you know what she say? She say even if he tell her the truth, it would still be wonderful. Because always she live in big cities and work in factories and lunchrooms and she hate them. And she don't say it, but

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she love that no-good. That I can see."

"Well, if that's how she feels," I said, "why didn't she marry Frankie before he went to Australia?"

"Why? Why?" Sophie repeated after me, and it sounded as though that question had kept her awake for nights. "You don't know that Frankie. If he want a thing, he is crazy before he have it, and when he have it—phut! It is nothing to him."

"Well, that happens with many of us," I said.

"Sure," she agreed. "But you don't know everything. You know what he say when we write him and tell him he should marry Margie? He say how the hell he know that baby belong to him. He ain't the only soldier what go to the coffee pot. That what he say. He say all she want is some money, maybe five hundred dollars."

Nice lad, I thought to myself, to wish this thing on his mother. Five hundred dollars was a great deal of money to Sophie, but in a pinch, I knew, she and her three daughters could raise it. They had raised more than that to bring over their refugee cousins from Europe.

"Have you talked to the girl about it?" I asked.

Sophie nodded miserably. "That is why I think Frankie don't know what he talk. That girl get mad like—like anything when I talk about money. She say terrible things about Frankie. She say she came to me only because she think is fine for that baby to grow up in the country and get plenty milk and eggs. She say now she wouldn't marry Frankie for a hundred cows and a million chickens. That what she say."

"Well, what is it she wants, then?"

"Nothing," said Sophie dully. "Now she want nothing. That is why I think she tell the truth about the baby. We tell her we keep her until she go to the hospital for the baby, and she say no. She say she take no charity from strangers. If Frankie say the baby ain't his, then we are strangers. You know what she go ahead and do? She go to Bridgeport and get a job. Even like she is, she get a job. Housework. She tell the lady her husband is a soldier."

"Margie sounds all right to me," I said.

Sophie nodded her head vigorously. "That what I say. That is why I must do something. Maybe it is Frankie's baby and she go away with it and we never see her no more." Her eyes filled with tears. "And if something happen to Frankie, God forbid, we have nothing."

Sophie stacked the coffee cups and

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indicated that she had better get back to her housecleaning.

THE baby, Sophie had said, was due within a month, and as the days went by, I could see Sophie getting more and more tense with anxiety. Whenever I asked her about Margie, she had nothing to report except the fear that the girl would disappear with the baby after she was well again. Acting on impulse, I asked Sophie, a fortnight after she had first spoken about Margie, if she'd like to drive over to Bridgeport with me and see Margie while I attended to some errands there. She jumped at the idea. When we arrived at the apartment house where Margie worked, I told Sophie I'd pick her up in an hour at the same place. Sophie was waiting for me when I returned. She got into the car without a word, her face set. Not until we were nearing our own town did she say anything.

"That Margie," she said, and there was something besides defeat in her voice, something like admiration. "She is stubborn like a mule. Like Frankie. I feel sorry for that baby, with a mother and a father like that."

"How is she being stubborn?" I asked, making no comment on the fact that Sophie had accepted Frankie's paternity.

"I tell her she better come and stay with us after the baby is born, and she say no. She got other plans, she say. Next week she go to the hospital. She fix everything herself. She even got a name for the father of the baby to go on the birth certificate. John Doe, she tell me. She say it is a good American name. I asked her if she don't like the name Halenczik, and she say she hate it." Sophie touched my arm. "I don't think she mean that. She like it good enough when she think she will marry Frankie. No?" Something like a chuckle escaped her. "Anyway, I make her promise to send me a telegram when the baby comes. First she say no, but I think all the time she want to say yes. I think she is scared. She got nobody —no mother, no father, nothing. She is only nineteen." Sophie sighed. "That Frankie. He got no more brains than a rabbit."

When she left me, Sophie promised to let me know if anything happened. Almost an entire week passed and then, on Thursday evening, she called me.

"Is a beautiful boy," she told me, her voice warm with happiness. "Seven pounds, with black hair and blue eyes. Just like his grandfather."

"Like who?" I asked.

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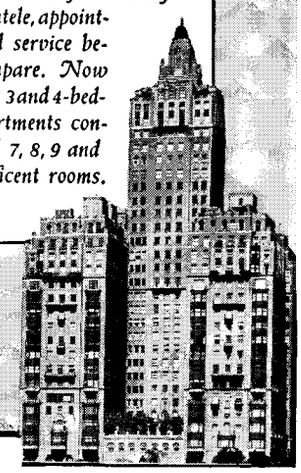

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She laughed. "I tell you tomorrow," she said, and hung up.

SOPHIE's face was peaceful when she arrived the next morning. With maddening perversity, she changed into her work clothes and pretended to start cleaning.

"Come on, Sophie," I said. "No work until you tell me what's happened."

"We wait until lunch," she replied. "No?"

"No," I answered.

She grinned impishly at me. "All right, I tell you. But we have some coffee. No?"

"Yes," I said, not wanting any but completely in her power.

At last we were seated at the table and Sophie made a great business of stirring the sugar in her cup. "It's a beautiful baby, with black hair and blue eyes," I prompted. "He looks like his grandfather."

Sophie beamed at me. "I tell you," she said again, and fortified herself with a long swallow of coffee. "You know what is his name? His name is Stephen Halenczik. He is named after my husband. Stefan, we call it in the old country."

"Please, Sophie," I begged. "Start at the beginning."

"We get a telegram Wednesday night that Margie have her baby. Thursday morning I pick some flowers and I take the bus to Bridgeport. I go to the hospital and a nurse take me to Margie's bed. She is sleeping and I stand there. In the next bed is a woman with a skinny face and mean eyes. 'You a friend of the girl?' she say to me. I don't know what get into me. I just don't like her. So I say, 'I am Margie's mother-in-law.' Just like that."

"Nice work, Sophie," I said.

"When I say this, I look at Margie and I see tears come out of her eyes. They are closed, but she is not sleeping like I think. I take her hand and I say, 'Hello, Margie.' She open her eyes, and you know what that girl do? She shake her head and she say just with her lips, 'No!' So I sit down near her bed with my back to the woman what wants to know so much and I ask things. You know—how she feel, if she got a pain, how the baby look. And then they bring him to Margie to be nursed. He is wonderful. He grab like he is starved. He makes me think of Frankie when he is a baby. I know I must have him."

She took another swallow of coffee and wiped her lips with her apron. "I think and I think and I pray," she continued, "and then Margie, she say to me, 'He is perfect. Just perfect. All except for a birthmark on his back.' 'What birthmark?' I ask, and she lift his little shirt and she show me. I think maybe she was frightened by a mouse when she carry him. Anyway, there is a birthmark where nobody is going to see. He gonna sit on it. I laugh and Margie get mad. 'Is nothing,' she say. 'Lots of people have birthmarks.' 'Sure,' I say. 'They go in the family. Is just like his grandfather, Stefan. He have the same thing just where the baby have it.' "

A murmur of disbelief must have escaped my lips, for Sophie's hand reached out toward me to shut off any comment I might make.

"Is all settled," she said. "We name the baby after my husband, and Margie, she come home to us from the hospital." Refusing to meet my eyes, Sophie went on to tell in great detail the plans for the christening, for buying a crib, for Margie's getting a job in our town just as soon as she was strong enough to work.

When Sophie was finished, I said, "Sophie, this is between you and me, but you made that up about your husband's birthmark, didn't you? Before, you said she must have been frightened by a mouse when she carried the baby."

A look of panic passed over Sophie's face. "I must never say that again," she declared. "It is good you tell me. Thanks." She reached out across the table and touched my hand. "You don't tell nobody. No?"

"No," I answered solemnly. "But it was pretty bright of you."

She shook her head. "No, not bright. I want that baby. And that birthmark help me. The children—Mary, Irene, and Annie—believe me when I tell them their father have the same thing. They don't know. They never see him naked. They think it is wonderful. And Stefan will forgive me. You know," she added with a smile of tender reminiscence, "that Stefan, he have skin like pure milk. Nothing on it." She came back to the present. "I like that Margie. She is a good girl. I don't care what happen before she meet Frankie. My heart tell me the baby is his. I don't care if my head say maybe no. That is something only God know for sure. But if He show me how to keep that baby, it is a good sign. No?"

"But what about Frankie?" I asked, being no authority on signs. "How will he like it?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "We see," she said. "We write him about the birthmark. We send him pictures of the baby. We tell him how wonderful is Margie. I think, far away from home, that will make him happy. No?"

—ROSE C. FELD

• •

AND THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX IN LEAP YEAR

Some people shave before bathing,
And about people who bathe before shaving they are scathing,
While those who bathe before shaving,
Well, they imply that those who shave before bathing are misbehaving.
Gee!
Let's referee.

Suppose you shave before bathing. Well, the advantage is that you don't have to make a special job of washing the lather off afterward; it just floats off with the rest of your accumulations in the tub,

But the disadvantage is that before bathing your skin is hard and dry and your beard confronts the razor like a grizzly bear defending its cub.

Well then, suppose you bathe before shaving. Well, the advantage is that after bathing your skin is soft and moist, and your beard positively begs for the blade,

But the disadvantage is that to get the lather off you have to wash your face all over again at the basin almost immediately after washing it in the tub, which is a duplication of effort that leaves me spotless but dismayed.

The referee reports, gentlemen, that Fate has loaded the dice,

Since your only choice is between walking around all day with a sore chin or washing your face twice.

So I will now go and get a shave from a smug man in a crisp white coat,

And I will disrupt his smugness by asking him about his private life, does he bathe before shaving or shave before bathing, and then I will die either of laughing or of a clean-cut throat.

—OGDEN NASH

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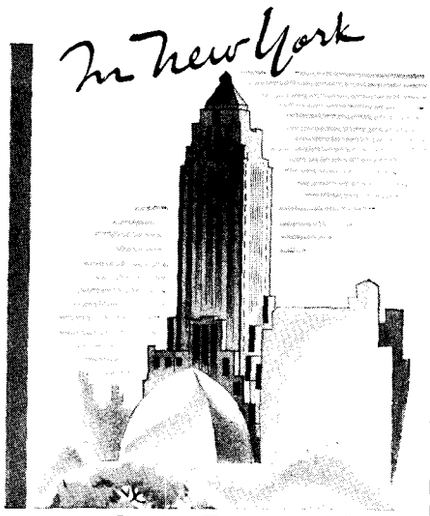

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THE RACE TRACK

Four Straight

PERHAPS it's a little late to come dashing up with praise for Devil's Thumb. The pundits who wrangle the evenings away on the gaunt porches of the Saratoga hotels had threshed everything out before he ran for the Grand Union Hotel Stakes last weekend and had decided that he was the best two-year-old on the grounds because he'd won three times in a row. All that remained, therefore, was for the rest of us to bet on him at what seemed pretty short odds, and then get in line to collect our winnings.

Well, he won, but not too easily. He was shuffled back, and for half the way around seemed to be hopelessly out of it. Even after he had made up a lot of ground, almost nobody imagined that he could catch Hyperionion, who looked the winner right up until a furlong from home. I venture to say that the performance of Devil's Thumb at the finish was as powerful a one as a two-year-old has put on hereabout. Now everybody is insisting he's such a certainty for the Hopeful that you can curl up in a clubhouse easy chair with a new red apple and forget about the whole thing.

As you may be tired of hearing, Devil's Thumb, who is by Grand Slam out of Daintiness, was one of the cheaper yearlings whom W. E. Boeing bought at the sales last year. The animal cost $3,000, and so far has won $31,125 and four stakes races. His jockey, McCreary, must have had an inkling of how good a horse Devil's Thumb was when he won the United States Hotel Stakes on him a month ago. After that race, he asked to handle the colt in his other engagements and has been winning with him ever since.

Woolf, who was supposed to ride Halberd in the Grand Union, rode Blue Swords instead, which prompted a lot of people to bet on that animal because they interpreted the switch as one of those tips straight from the feedbox. As a matter of fact, the reason Woolf changed mounts was that Allen Simmons, who owns Blue Swords, offered him fifteen per cent of the $10,625 purse, while Mrs. Walter Jeffords, who owns Halberd, wouldn't go beyond the customary ten per cent to the winning rider.

THE excuse given for Picket's poor showing in the Albany Handicap, won by Very Snooty the other afternoon, was (again) that he didn't like the muddy track. Saratoga hasn't been really fast once this year. Curiously, although there has been more rain than usual, the turf and trees have taken on a slightly sere and yellow look. So have many racegoers, but that may be protective coloration, for all I know.

PEOPLE who have been down in the dumps about the unexciting races for older horses had something to cheer about last weekend when the Saratoga Handicap produced nine runners and never a dull split second. Of course, there wasn't much cheering, because Can't Wait, a 17–1 chance, beat Swing and Sway, the odds-on favorite. If memory serves, it was the first time Can't Wait ever won at the Spa, although he's no stranger to the winner's circle nearer town, as well as in Maryland and California. In the course of the six seasons he has been under colors, he has started in sixty-five races, winning seventeen of them and $118,930 in prize money. And there's life in the old boy yet.

NOTES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: If you care for trainer's tips, Fitzsimmons thinks Devil's Luck is his best two-year-old. . . . Diogenes Checkpoints says that the opera-length bandages Bourmont wore the other afternoon were the highest he ever saw on a horse. . . . Wrong Horse Harry wants a race limited to three starters—Devil's Luck, Devil's Thumb, and Thumbs Up.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

FLUTE: "Will you kindly tell me where I may get a flute—a flute on which it is possible to play all tones and half-tones over a range of at least two and a half or three octaves—for the least possible money?

"I wonder if you can possibly give me some advice on what key is best to get it in, too. My urge is to sit on a grassy bank, with knees crossed and head propped against a tree, and pipe Bach fugues and symphonic themes to the four winds."

AUGUST A. HORWITZ, Yonkers

Compare prices at the Musical Instrument Exchange, 112 W. 48th St., and at New York Band Instrument Co., 1166 Sixth Ave. A flute in the key of C is the best for orchestra and all-around use. The key of D flat is used in military and other bands.—PM.

Get the hint?

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

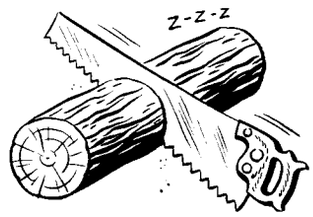
WHILE the young folk who take their music seminars at the Paramount Theatre were still only tentatively humming bits of Irving Berlin's new tunes from "Holiday Inn," trying to pick the hits, Decca evidently decided that there was hardly a miss in the whole score. At any rate, the company has already brought out an album (No. A-306) which contains twelve numbers from the film and strikes me as one of the best it has put together in some time.

Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire get considerably more help in presenting these pieces on records than they do on the screen. In the album, in addition to Bob Crosby's orchestra, which also played the movie accompaniments, they are backed up by John Scott Trotter's band and two vocal groups—the Ken Darby Singers and the Music Maids and Hal. Crosby (Bing) does most of the work, singing in all but two of the numbers and again getting along very nicely with English instead of the "boo-boo-boo" business on which he once relied so heavily. Some of the pieces which benefit from this latter-day treatment of his are "Happy Holiday," "Be Careful, It's My Heart," "Abraham," "White Christmas," and "I've Got Plenty to Be Thankful For." Astaire's talents necessarily come off second-best on records. Nevertheless, he sings "You're Easy to Dance With" and "I Can't Tell a Lie" in typical form, which means that he does an appealing job without overtaxing his dubious vocal powers, and then gets together with Crosby and Margaret Lenhart on the words of "I'll Capture Your Heart," tossing in a few healthy licks of tapping for good measure.

THE adroit way in which Freddie Slack carries on at the piano in "Doll Dance" (Capitol 113) sets this version of the piece apart from the usual run of dance records, although you can dance to it if you want to, as the Slack orchestra fills in with a nice accompaniment and the leader himself never for a moment forgets about the rhythm. My guess, though, is that you'll wind up by filing it away among your "listen" recordings—it's that good. On the other side, Ella Mae Morse, who knows how

How to keep cool today...

and sleep soundly tonight!



WHAT is more cooling and refreshing on a sultry afternoon than a tall, tinkling glass of iced coffee?

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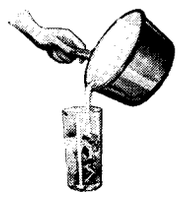
Recipe for ice-cube coffee

1. **MAKE SANKA COFFEE** by your usual method*, but make it *double strength.* Use *two* heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee to each cup (½ pint) of water.

2. **POUR YOUR** freshly-made Sanka Coffee into an ice-cube tray. Cool. Set in refrigerator to freeze. A tray of these coffee cubes can be kept on hand, ready for instant use.

3. **NOW ... WHEN** iced coffee is wanted, simply heat milk. Do not bring milk to a boil. And do *not* use *cream!*



4. **FILL A GLASS** with the frozen coffee cubes. Then fill with warm milk. Instantly, you have delicious, refreshing iced coffee... of a consistency similar to iced coffee served with expensive cream.

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to give just the right twist to a phrase, sings "He's My Guy" in a manner any Morse-fancier could spot all the way down the corridor. Mr. Slack, calmer now, assists competently with his band.

MOST of the recent straight dance recordings show the effects of late-summer lag. There are a few good ones, though, and here are some I would rank near the top (asterisks mean swing):

YARDBIRD SHUFFLE* and ELISE*—Woody Herman's Four Chips. A pair of items that really demonstrate what four smartly co-operating musicians can do. The quartet makes the lines and rhythms stick together and the solos manage to be important without breaking up the continuity. (*Decca 4353*)

WHITE CHRISTMAS and ABRAHAM—Freddy Martin and his orchestra. "Holiday Inn" tunes again, this time interpreted by a band that got where it is by bouncing around with Tchaikovsky. Lately, it's been relaxing with out-and-out popular music and, as this record makes clear, doing a right smart job of it. (*Victor 27946*)

I'VE GOT A GAL IN KALAMAZOO* and SERENADE IN BLUE—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. The good old Goodman slinky syncopation is a pleasure to hear again in "Kalamazoo." "Serenade in Blue" is less that way; in fact, it's rather bluesy, but it's Goodman just the same. There's nothing at all wrong with Dick Haymes's vocal choruses. (*Columbia 36622*)

I CRIED FOR YOU and LET ME UP*—Harry James and his orchestra. By this time it's no news that the James band is one of the three or four now operating which have developed styles all their own. In both "I Cried for You," a ballad which you'll remember from some years back, and "Let Me Up," a brand-new, speed-up instrumental novelty, the James trumpet takes first honors, though it never gets too far away from what the other musicians are up to. Helen Forrest supplies a non-sobby version of the sob ballad. (*Columbia 36623*)

STRIP POLKA and THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR—Alvino Rey and his orchestra. The gagged-up lyrics and sprightly tune of "Strip Polka," with the Four King Sisters among the singers, and the measured, stately tempo of "The Major and the Minor," an all-orchestra essay, make for balance, as well as entertainment. The leader's guitar, as usual, bows in and out at the right places. (*Bluebird B-11573*)

—OFFBEAT

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INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Unconscious Witness," by R. Austin Freeman*]

. . . with a pleasant and curiously crinkly smile. —*Page 15.*
Polton crinkled shyly. —*Page 17.*
. . . with a deferential crinkle. —*Page 26.*
Polton crinkled. —*Page 32.*
. . . crinkling with pleasure and gratitude. —*Page 33.*
. . . cheerful and crinkly smile. —*Page 59.*
. . . a somewhat wry crinkle. —*Page 71.*
. . . cautious crinkle. —*Page 76.*
. . . queer crinkly smile. —*Page 98.*
Polton crinkled slily. —*Page 215.*
. . . with a gratified crinkle. —*Page 219.*
. . . cunning and crinkly smile. —*Page 247.*

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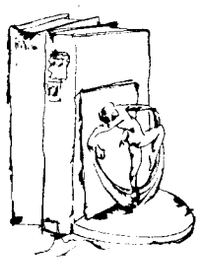
BOOKS

Some Friends and Some Enemies



GERTRUDE DIAMANT, a talented young writer from whom little has been heard since the remote days of "The American Caravan," recently journeyed to Mexico, filled with two solemn purposes: to follow the injunctions of the guidebook and to test the intelligence of the Otomí Indians. What Mexico revealed to her is too volatile for compression between the covers of any Baedeker, and as for the Otomís, she found, one gathers, that intelligence tests, when applied to "primitive" peoples, are more useful as a medium of self-expression for the testers than as a measurement of the mentality of the testees.

Out of her experiences in a furnished apartment at Atoyac 82, Mexico City, her visits to the market, her brief trips to Indian villages, has come "The Days of Ofelia." This fragile volume is quite uninstructive but not in the slightest degree trivial. It reminds one of Flandrau's "Viva Mexico!," that classic which Alexander Woollcott will not willingly let die. It reminds one also of the delightful and far too unfamiliar travel books of Henry Baerlein. It is rather more astringent, perhaps, than either Flandrau or Baerlein.

I do not conceive that a reading of "The Days of Ofelia" will enable you to live any more shrewdly in Mexico City. Nor do I suppose the book will have any effect on the political relations between our ultra-Rio Grande neighbors and ourselves. Indeed, when one comes right down to it, there is little more to recommend the book than charm, humor, and humanity.

The daughter of Miss Diamant's landlady, a sad, patient child of ten, named Ofelia Escoto, became the author's maid. It was her small, unknowing hands that unlocked some of the doors guarding the heart of Mexico. Ofelia and her family were, to use a phrase that in this instance carries no accent of burlesque, poor but proud. For four hundred years the Mexican people have been poor but proud. For four hundred years they have had literally nothing. To compensate themselves, they have developed a code of courtesy and a demeanor of gravity that may seem outlandish compared to our own busy *brusquerie*. Mexicans, if we are to credit the author's observation, are stoic, sorrowful, and poetical. As their revolution continues, we may expect them to lose some of their stoicism, sorrow, and poetry—a net gain.

Miss Diamant's book, written in a style of almost too sophisticated lucidity, does not bear up under the rough weight of summary. I can only commend to you certain passages you should look out for describing such matters as Ofelia's Christian parrot; the changes the Spanish language, much to its bewilderment, is undergoing in Ofelia's country; the blighted Mexican children the revolution has not yet rescued; the Otomí Indians, the motions of whose minds could never quite express themselves in I.Q.'s; the almost mystical relationship between the Mexican people and the tortilla; the wedding at Juchitán; and young Chavo, who had been to New York and had learned to sing "O Columbia the Gin of the Ocean."

The pen drawings and colored end papers by John O'Hara Cosgrave II exert a quiet charm pleasantly in keeping with the book.

FOR all Hermann Rauschning's intellectual power, it is difficult not to regard the books of this ex-Nazi somewhat as one would regard the confessions of an ex-drunkard. The reformed souse speaks of the bottle with a loathing that is half fascination; and so, *mutatis mutandis*, Dr. Rauschning.

His latest set of memoirs, "Men of Chaos," consists of remembered conversations with an extraordinary variety of Nazis, from the pure, conscienceless adventurist Göring to the young German technocrats, whose dream is of a completely technical world, with human beings obeying the laws of science as cogs obey the law of their particular machine.

This is a book of political ideas rather than of personalities. The ideas, most of them daringly imaginative, have one thing in common: Darré or Hess, Forster or Schacht, Papen or Thyssen—all of these Nazis or pre-Nazis have no more interest in the individual human

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being than we would have in an individual insect. They are all engaged in a gigantic struggle to lead the world into a total anti-Christian revolution. This seems to be the main lesson of Dr. Rauschning's latest grubbing into his Nazi past. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DOLLAR COTTON, by John Faulkner. A slow-moving novel which reverses the Jeeter Lester tradition that Southern poor whites are a shiftless lot. The hero, a small-time farmer with a love for the soil which is at times difficult to distinguish from a taste for real estate, gradually acquires vast plantations in the Mississippi Delta during the early nineteen-hundreds, when that rich land was selling for ninety cents an acre. There is a good deal about stump removal and drainage and bank loans in the book, with a spurt of melodrama at the end. Readers of Mr. Faulkner's first novel, "Men Working," will miss its wry humor and sharp veracity.

THE STONES BEGIN TO DANCE, by Aben Kandel. A bit of whimsy about life among the venders of a pushcart market on New York's lower East Side. The author seems never quite to make up his mind whether he is embarked on a fable or straight fiction. There is some quiet humor, but too often the effects are strained and the book's central figure, the grand old man of the pushcart market, is a shade less heart-warming than he is obviously meant to appear.

THE WHITE QUEEN, by Betty Baur. A much more original and complex first novel than is indicated by its stock theme: an American girl newly married to the conventional son of a wealthy English county family who finds herself in love with an impecunious young radical. This not unusual fictional setup is given vitality by the author's extremely sensitive characterization and her talent for descriptive detail, combined with a happy sense of timing. The heroine's sophomoric social consciousness and the author's itch to play with a rather forced social symbolism somewhat let the novel down, but there is no doubt that Miss Baur's writing has pace and skill and imagination.

GENERAL

HOW WAR CAME, by Forrest Davis and Ernest K. Lindley. This "White Paper" covering American foreign relations from the spring of 1940 to Pearl Harbor is almost pretentiously non-official but is in effect an apologia for our diplomacy during that scrambled period, which the authors see as a fairly coherent pattern of realistic self-interest. Features new information or sidelights on such matters as our Vichy policy, the framing of the Atlantic Charter, and the Hull-Nomura-Kurusu conversations. Mildly disappointing, in the sense that the authors have failed to reëxamine the clichés of the period, but worth reading. A condensed version of this book appeared recently in the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

GAS WARFARE, by Colonel Alden H. Waitt. Inclusive, evidently authoritative manual describing the various gases and smokes and their use in battle, plus methods of protection and first aid for troops and civilians. An excellent job. The author is attached to the Army's Chemical Warfare Service. Photographs and diagrams.

THE BLACK BOOK OF POLAND, compiled under the auspices of the Polish Ministry of Information. This book shows us the core of what we are fighting. A plain record of how the Nazis were let loose on Poland in a systematic attempt to destroy the spirit, the culture, the religions, and the bodies of a whole people. Covers only the period from September, 1939, to July, 1941. Names, dates, maps, photographs, statistics, and depositions.

A WREATH FOR EUROPA, by Paul Tabori. Nostalgic farewell to the between-wars Europe of the Dôme and the mystical Russian girl, the Berlin dives, the Tivoli in Copenhagen, the Budapest cafés, etc. Familiar mood and material, but readable and nicely done. Many prewar closeups of musicians, writers, and painters, especially the younger ones.

THE GUILT OF THE GERMAN ARMY, by Hans Ernest Fried. The author has a theory. From 1918 on, he says, Hitler and the German Army have been pretty much equal partners in crime, both essentially committed to the idea of a militarist state. Naturally, this theory calls for a little soft-pedalling of inconvenient evidence, but the author's argument is both ingenious and thoroughly documented. In any case, it helps to push over what's left of the legend about the non-political, lily-white honor of the German officer clique.

DOCTORS OF THE MIND, by Marie Beynon Ray. Popular account of the development of psychiatry since the days of Mesmer. A fascinating subject, of course, and the author manages to make it appear fairly simple. Even so, you may suspect that it didn't need to be quite so highly colored and that Mrs. Ray might have been less cheery about such matters as the shock treatment for schizophrenia. Illustrated.

THIS GREAT JOURNEY, by Jennie Lee, with a foreword by William L. Shirer. Informal autobiography by a young and highly likable Scotswoman, daughter of a miner, who has devoted her life to the cause of British labor. Once member of Parliament, representing the Independent Labour Party, she writes with a decided emphasis on British politics of the last two decades.

FARMER'S GIRL, by Elizabeth M. Harland. A London girl, innocent of agriculture, takes a crack at managing a thousand-acre farm in eastern England and makes an intelligent go of it despite evacuees, bombings, and the much more formidable vagaries of weather and markets. A nice, warm, quiet book that tells you, in dialect, a lot about the Norfolk countrymen and perhaps a little too much about the technical details of English farming methods.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER IN THE O.P.M., by Leslie Ford. Colonel Primrose, U.S.A., ret., solves the mystery of the body in the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, near Washington, with the help of his old friend Widow Latham. Amusing enough. It has already appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

NAME YOUR POISON, by Helen Reilly. The woman in the leopard coat, who is suspected of a series of poisonings, gets poisoned herself when murder upsets a select little group in Connecticut. Money and love affairs are at the bottom of the evil doings in this well-written book. Fine reading if you don't object to being misled by a lot of false clues.

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TONY BACK AT WORK

Friends have been congratulating in person Miss Tony Bacarisse, secretary at the passenger office of the United Fruit Co. in town, at work once more, following her recent successful operation of the appendix, responsible for the creation of a perfectly healthy sound girl in a new life.—*Havana Post.*

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